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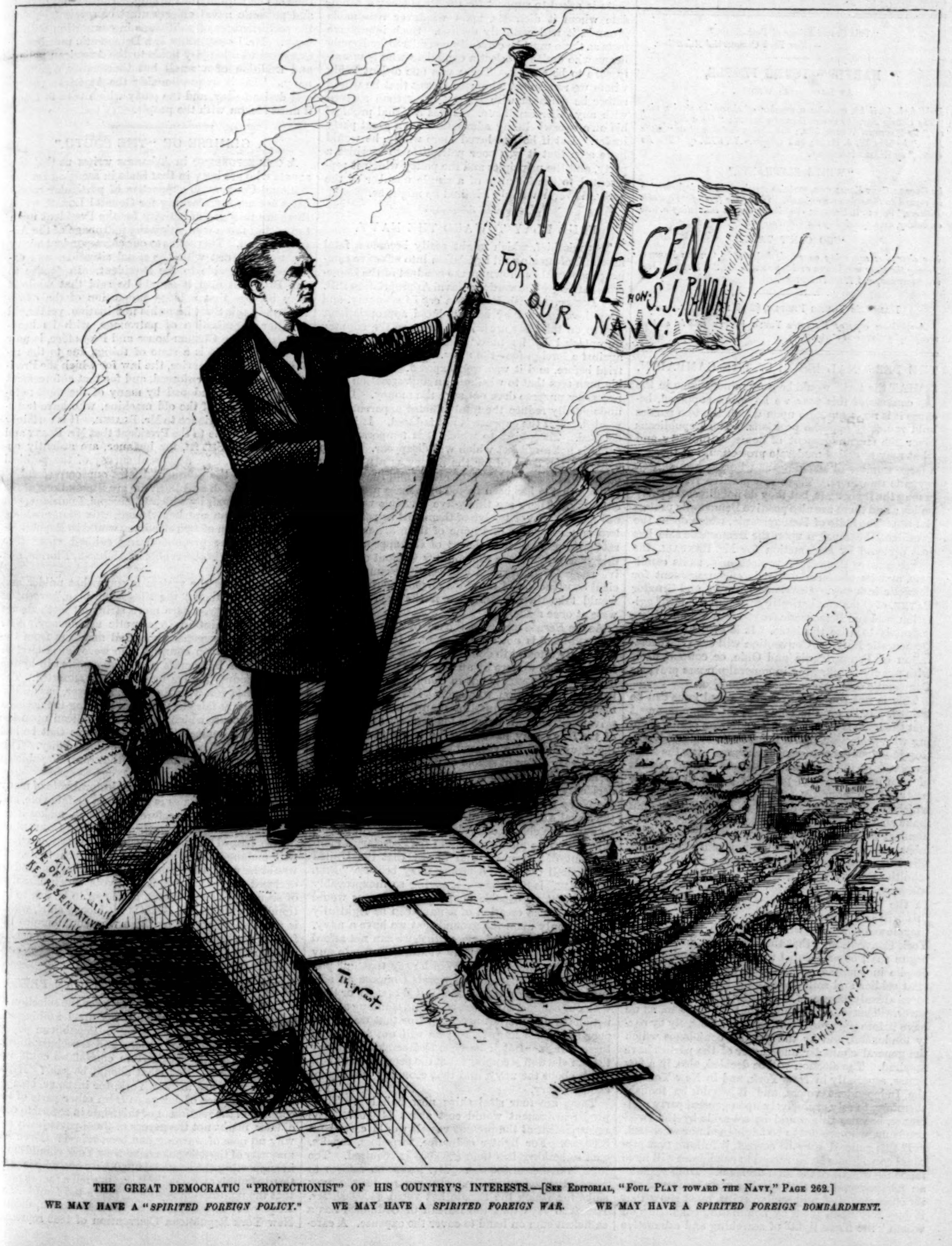

"NOT ONE CENT" FOR OUR NAVY.
HON. S. J. RANDALL
HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES
WASHINGTON, D.C.
Th: Nast.

THE GREAT DEMOCRATIC "PROTECTIONIST" OF HIS COUNTRY'S INTERESTS.—[SEE EDITORIAL, "FOUL PLAY TOWARD THE NAVY," PAGE 262.]

WE MAY HAVE A "*SPIRITED FOREIGN POLICY.*" WE MAY HAVE A *SPIRITED FOREIGN WAR.* WE MAY HAVE A *SPIRITED FOREIGN BOMBARDMENT.*

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

New York, Saturday, April 26, 1884.

SPECIAL NOTICE TO READERS OF HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

Harper's Magazine, Harper's Weekly, *and* Harper's Bazar *may be had for the years* 1880, 1881, 1882, *and* 1883. *Those wishing to complete their files will please send in their orders immediately. It is* Messrs. Harper & Brothers' *intention in future to keep the back numbers for three years only.*

"This Crown Prince of Periodicals."
—*New York Commercial Advertiser.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

An Illustrated Weekly,

Published April 22, contains a number of charming stories, viz., "The Catnip Boy," by Susan Hartley Swett; *"On a Refrigerator," by* Matthew White, Jun.; *the closing installment of "Little Hugo," by* Mrs. W. J. Hays; *and Chapter XXVIII. of "The Ice Queen," by* Ernest Ingersoll.

"WHITE ELEPHANTS,"

by George Cary Eggleston, *contains much authentic information in regard to these famous animals. Under the title of "Vegetable Pitchers,"* Sophie B. Herrick *contributes a most interesting article on botany, accompanied by six illustrations.*

"'OO CAN'T TALK,"

is a charming engraving on wood, designed by Culmer Barnes. *Among the other well-known artists presented are* Sol Eytinge, Jessie Shepherd, *and* T. de Thulstrup.

Harper's Young People, $2 00 per Year.

A specimen copy of Harper's Young People *will be sent on receipt of a three-cent stamp.*

THE PERSONAL ISSUE IN THE CAMPAIGN.

THAT the tariff would be a prominent issue in the canvass of this year we have not supposed, because it is not a question upon which the two parties hold radically opposite positions. The Republicans favor the encouragement of domestic industry and what may be called moderate protection, but there is a large number of Republicans who are pronounced revenue reformers. There are positive free-traders among the Democrats, but they do not direct the party policy; and there are also positive Democratic protectionists. The State of Pennsylvania, which opens the Presidential campaign upon the Democratic side, has just declared by acclamation for Mr. **Randall**, the representative Democratic protectionist, as its candidate, and its platform demands encouragement for domestic industry. Governor **Hoadly** and Senator **Payne**, of Ohio, emphatically condemn the tariff agitation, and the Democratic free-traders are unwilling definitely to raise the issue. It is evident that the Democratic National Convention will echo the declaration of Pennsylvania and Ohio, or content itself with merely re-affirming in general phrases previous Democratic declarations upon the subject.

This is not the way in which a real issue can be treated. It is, on the contrary, an announcement that the issue is declined. A Republican orator arguing wise protection and a Democratic orator advocating judicious encouragement are preaching the same sermon from the same text. It is true that the friends of wise protection will probably prefer to trust the party which honestly favors it than the party in which free-traders bide their time. But that does not make an open issue. Each party will declare for economical administration, and for favoring American labor, and against unequal burdens and monopolies. The Democratic party will also, in general phrases, echo the Pennsylvania declaration against "the debasement of the civil service to partisan spoliation." In the light of Democratic performance, however, this will count for little. The Republicans, unless they lose their wits, will insist, with the last New York Convention, "that the work thus auspiciously begun shall be prosecuted to complete success," and, despite inconsistencies and such attacks as the **Lansing** soldier and sailor exception to the law, the reform already begun is the policy of the Republican party. This situation shows that the election, as we have before suggested, will be decided largely by party tendencies, and by the popular confidence which the general character and career of the parties have inspired. The election will be decided, also, in a few States, especially in New York, and in New York by the Independent voters, and it would be foolish, therefore, to rely exclusively upon general party preference, because this would be set aside by the Independents, who are not to be frightened nor wheedled.

If this general view be correct, it follows that personal considerations in regard to candidates will have immense weight in the final decision. The Republican party, declaring that it relies upon its record and its character and progressive spirit, must show that it does rely upon them by nominating candidates on whom "the fierce light" of searching and exhaustive scouting will reveal no positive and fatal defects. It is not enough that a great wave of excitement and enthusiasm may lift a man to the nomination. The question is whether the candidate can bear the prolonged and minute inspection of the canvass. It is not those who are "for the nominee of the Convention," and who are "willing to trust the great council of the party," and who are "satisfied with any good Republican," who will elect the President. Mr. **Folger** was the nominee of the Convention, he was a good Republican, and he was approved by the great council of the party, but he was beaten by nearly two hundred thousand majority in the State which two years before had given **Garfield** twenty-one thousand plurality. If the Independent vote in such a State is asked to support for the Presidency a candidate whom it distrusts, upon whatever reasonable grounds, it will certainly decline. Such impressive facts as these must be carefully considered by Republicans who desire to select a candidate who is morally sure to be elected. There was one ardent Whig whom we remember, who used to say that he would rather be defeated with **Henry Clay** than succeed with any other candidate. It was a signal proof of his own overwhelming admiration for a great party leader. But if he had loved more wisely, he would have seen that it was poor patriotism to sacrifice a party, and the principles and the policy which it represented, to the fortunes of a single member of the party, however warmly admired he might be.

FOUL PLAY TOWARD THE NAVY.

The mischief, which might easily become a fatal mischief, of turning all legislation into effective campaign material, is shown by the conduct of the Democrats in Congress toward the Naval Appropriation Bill. The Democrats wish to raise a cry of economy, and show how much they have reduced appropriations, and to do this they are willing to leave the country unprotected by its most effective arm of defense against a foreign foe—the navy. This trick has been tried before, and it was well exposed. Every sensible man sees that to withhold an appropriation for a necessary purpose does not save the money. It will undoubtedly reduce the total amount apparently expended. But the expense is not reduced. It is only delayed. The object to which it is temporarily refused is not an object which will disappear. On the contrary, the demand for the money as a necessary outlay will become more imperative, and the country will see that it has been fooled by a mere pretense of economy. There are thirty-five cruising vessels in our navy. Ten or twelve of them will be past use in two or three years, and none of them are now first-rate war vessels. The defeat of the appropriations this year would leave the country without an effective navy for four years, because the promptest efficient construction of the ships already contracted for would take three years even if the appropriations were at once made.

As the *Herald* well says, the cry of "**Robeson**" and "**Chandler**" is not an argument. It is an exceedingly silly attempt to defeat a necessary undertaking for the public welfare by an appeal to personal prejudice. Mr. **Robeson** is not in Congress, or in any official public position whatever. His views have no more to do with the question than those of any other private citizen. Whatever his conduct as Secretary of the Navy may have been, he is not Secretary of the Navy now. Mr. **Chandler**, the actual Secretary, is of a very different school of politics from ours, and of his conduct in the **Gorringe** case we spoke very decidedly at the time. But it is not the Secretary of the Navy who directs the work of construction, but the Naval Advisory Board. Moreover, there has been no authentic charge or evidence of a wasteful or corrupt use of the public money in the Secretary's management of the navy, and to say that the United States shall not have a proper navy because "**Bill Chandler**" is Secretary is a saying so inexpressibly foolish that no capable member of Congress would repeat it. The creation of a navy can be rightfully opposed only upon the ground that we have a navy, or that we do not need one, or that we can not afford to have one. Will anybody venture to sustain any one of these allegations? Will he say that our present force and character of vessels compose an adequate and fitting navy for the United States? or that, with our commerce and sea-coast and standing among nations, a navy is not necessary? or that we are too poor to build a navy? No; he will not say any of these things. But if he be a Democrat he will say that an election is coming; that the people don't know much about the navy, and that economy is a capital campaign cry.

There are four steel ships now building. Their proper armament would cost about $450,000. The re-armament of the present vessels would cost about $600,000. For lighter ordnance, torpedoes, repairs, etc., something less than $800,000 is required. The total is about $1,850,000. Mr. **Randall** refuses to report the appropriation. In regard to the new ships for which the Senate has voted $400,000, Mr. **Randall** says that the Bureau of Ordnance has a sufficient sum on hand to cover the expense. A careful examination of the figures which he produces in justification of this statement shows that he proposes, in effect, that an armament costing about $500,000 shall be provided from an appropriation for current expenses of two years amounting to $250,000, a large part of which has been already spent for its designated purpose, and an unexpended balance of $32,000 appropriated for another purpose. While the politicians are peddling with the question to affect the elections, a naval artillery officer, evidently a competent expert, shows that it is a question of the highest science. For instance, powder of a kind never before made in the United States is imperatively necessary for the ordnance proper to such ships, and the manufacture of the guns requires as much plant and time as the building of the ship. Indeed, intelligent and patriotic naval officers must be sorely tried by the performances of politicians in connection with a navy. Mr. **Dorsheimer** is a Democratic member of Congress who happily holds to the American policy and tradition of a small but thoroughly equipped navy. That is unquestionably the American policy and desire to-day, and the party which tries to baffle it must reckon with the people.

A GLIMPSE OF "THE SOUTH."

A correspondent in Arkansas writes us that the agents who are busy in that State in securing for the National Convention supporters of particular candidates are mainly working for General **Logan**, while there are no signs of activity for the President upon the part of those who enjoy the patronage of the Administration. This seems to our correspondent a very pleasing contrast with the usual situation, and extremely creditable to the President. In justice to the President also it should be said that while it may be true that a large proportion of the office-holders in this State favor his nomination, yet the old familiar organization of patronage, with its headquarters in the Custom-house and Post-office, is now unknown. This is a state of things due to the reform of the civil service, the law for which the President has honestly enforced, and for that enforcement he has been abandoned by many of the most notorious managers of the old machine, who have transferred their allegiance to Mr. **Blaine**. It is certainly highly creditable to the President that Mr. **Platt** and Mr. **John F. Smyth**, for instance, are ardently opposed to him. In a general survey of the political situation in the Southern States our correspondent says that Copiah and Danville are illustrations of the familiar methods by which Mississippi, Louisiana, and South Carolina are kept Democratic States, which, under a system of free elections, would be Republican because of the preponderating colored vote. The same situation is observable in Alabama, Florida, and Louisiana.

In Arkansas the system is somewhat milder and less obtrusive than "the Mississippi plan," except in Phillips County, where more stringent methods are adopted to maintain Democratic ascendency. The Legislature has generally seated members from the strong Republican counties who were fairly elected, but last year Democrats who were counted in by the Pulaski County Returning Board were admitted. The court of last resort in the State, however, has dealt a heavy blow at fair elections by reversing the decision of a lower court which seated a Republican upon the evidence of Democratic witnesses alone that he had been elected by nearly six hundred majority. This decision is supposed to mean that "no Republican need apply."

The undoubted fact that the electoral vote of many of the old Slave States is not a free or fair vote, and that the result is therefore fraudulent, makes it especially incumbent upon the Republican Convention not to hazard Republican success by action which will endanger any important Northern State. It would be very unfortunate if a candidate should be declared elected by means of a vote which, like that of several Southern States, is known to be due to intimidation and fraud. This is the bloody shirt, which is perpetually waved by those who countenance the frauds, not by those who point out the peril of such a situation.

THE DUTY OF THE REPUBLICAN PRESS.

The warmth of the controversy for the selection of delegates to Chicago, which turns upon nothing but personal preferences, leads some Republican papers to complain that other papers, and especially in this State, say frankly that certain candidates could not carry the State. But what should be said? If the election were lost in New York, for instance, because of the ignorance of delegates from other parts of the country of the sentiment of this State in regard to candidates, might not the papers of those parts justly ask why no note of warning had been raised? Even if a majority of the delegates from New York should agree in supporting the candidate, will any one who is practically familiar with politics accept such a fact as proof that the nomination is wise? It is a too familiar and frequent illustration, but we must ask again, did the New York Republican Convention of 1882 represent the real sentiment of the party in its own State, or was it profoundly ignorant of it?

The well-known tricks by which clever and unscrupulous politicians secure their ends, and the indifference of the great mass of voters to the primaries, make it exceedingly unwise to accept the personal preferences of a delegation in regard to candidates as the actual preference of the community. Now we ask the papers of which we speak if the sentiment which is quite powerful enough and courageous enough to defeat a candidate, but which is not organized enough or careful enough to attend the primary, be perfectly well known, does a Republican paper discharge its duty to the country or to the party if it says nothing about it whatever, and allows it to be inferred in other States that all candidates when once nominated will be equally acceptable, and supported with the same earnestness? That is a very false conception of the duty and the function of the press, and a very stupid and degrading one. The old-fashioned party organ whose business was to declare that all its own party men and measures were perfect, and all those of the other side contemptible, was a ludicrous sheet of which some specimens still remain. But it is not by such means that a great party either achieves or deserves success.

New York Republicans who earnestly desire Republican success, who know how vitally important to it is the electoral vote of New York, and who also know that large numbers of Republicans in New York will not vote for certain candidates, would be treacherous to their party and to the public welfare if they did not say so. The "outside delegations" to national conventions are often much wiser counsellors of party action than many delegates upon the inside. The expression of Republican and Independent opinion in New York, for instance—that, whatever may be said in their favor, neither the selection of the President nor of Mr. BLAINE would be a judicious selection for the State—is so general and so strong that Republicans in other States ought to know it. Suppose that the papers in this State which are familiar with this opinion, and with the general feeling which led to the scratching of 1879, and the universal revolt of 1882, should say that the only anxiety there was to know which one of all the candidates mentioned was to be nominated, because the State was sure for any Republican who might be named, they would be blind leaders of the blind, and the fate of such leaders and led is proverbial.

THE NEW MUSIC.

THE experiment of the winter has proved what scarcely needed an experiment to establish, that two Italian operas can not be sustained in New York, even when the singers are the finest of that kind in the world, and paid the highest salaries. The "array of talent" at the Metropolitan house, under the management of Mr. ABBEY, has been extraordinary, but the air of failure seems to have been recognized from the first, and the season is understood to end with very serious losses to the generous manager, who has not spared any effort to deserve success.

A benefit to which it is understood that very liberal subscriptions were made closes the first and unfortunate operatic season of the new house, and it will be followed immediately by the series of WAGNER concerts, under the direction of THEODORE THOMAS, in which Madame MATERNA and Messrs. WINKELMANN and SCARIA, who are the acknowledged chief singers of the WAGNER music, will take part. Madame MATERNA was heard at the festival two years ago, and was then welcomed as a remarkable representative of a musical school very different from that of the singers to whom we have been long accustomed, and it might be supposed that the taste of the city and of this country could hardly enjoy a style so foreign to our musical traditions.

But nothing is more striking than the rapid development of the taste for the new school. This has, indeed, been so rapid that there is a general feeling that the Italian opera has passed its heyday, although the beautiful melodies will survive. It is not pleasant to think that music also has a certain fashion which passeth away, and that a strain which to the ears of to-day is so exquisite as the andante of MENDELSSOHN'S *Concerto in G Minor*, for instance, must lose its charm for later listeners. But on the other hand it is most pleasant to hear the new strain from its most accomplished interpreters, and to contrast it with the older spell. Mr. THOMAS'S fidelity and ability in introducing the new music to New York have been long honorably recognized, and he and the city and the lovers of WAGNER are to be cordially congratulated upon the success, already assured, of the May concerts.

TROLLOPE'S LAST STORY.

AMONG the many conspicuous authors whose reputation has suffered from the publication of their lives and letters, ANTHONY TROLLOPE can not be included. The hearty, honest tone of his autobiography, as well as its essential interest, has charmed the reader like his stories; and his last story, *An Old Man's Love*, which is just published in the "Franklin Square Library," is read with even more interest because of the kindly personal feeling which the autobiography has produced.

TROLLOPE had a singularly just estimate of his own talent, and while he did not suppose himself to have genius, he knew very well that he wrote capital stories, which deserved the favor that they received. His habits of writing, in their strict method and regularity, became a professional man of letters. He justly said that to care properly for money was only to care for the power of doing much good and conferring much happiness. Many authors have the same general regularity of method in their work, but do not reduce it to such detail as TROLLOPE. DICKENS, for instance, went to his study at a certain hour, and remained for a certain time. He could not, however, as we are told, always command the power of accomplishing a certain result—a faculty which TROLLOPE carefully cultivated.

The professional literary man—a class of workers which is increasing—can read TROLLOPE'S autobiography in connection with his stories with great profit. It was his well-ordered life which enabled him to do so much and to do it so well. It gave him time for relaxation and enjoyment, and it did much to preserve that healthful tone which is one of the best qualities of his works. There was an honest English fidelity in ANTHONY TROLLOPE which attracts the reader closely to the man, and which will draw a host of readers to this last story that he will ever tell.

LETTERS, NEWS, AND TALK.

THE heirs of the famous Italian novelist MANZONI lately sued a publisher for publishing his letters without authority, and the court held that the publisher was liable, because letters are literary compositions whose original publication can be authorized only by the author or by his representatives. A similar decision has been rendered in this country, and it may be now understood that the writer of a letter can alone control its publication.

The decision is obviously most reasonable, and guarantees more freedom in correspondence. The decline of respect for privacy is very marked in the era of newspaper enterprise, of which personal gossip and interviewing are characteristic. The acquiescence in it is not less marked, so that a considerable part of the news of the day is the opinion of individuals about each other, and the publication of comments and talk which were formerly regarded as in their nature private.

Emboldened by Mr. WATTERSON'S proposition to copyright news for a few hours, some enterprising writer now suggests giving good talkers a copyright in their conversation. Nobody shall repeat another man's good things without fear of the law. Jokes shall be private property. Badinage shall be protected by a warning "No trespassing"; and, on the other hand, why shall not listeners be protected against bores by a regulation of "No rubbish shot here"? It is not clear what will be the issue of this contest between privacy and publicity, but there is happily no further doubt, at least for the present, that a man who receives a letter can not print it without a penalty.

"NABOTH'S VINEYARD."

THIS was the quaintly apt name given by CHARLES READE to his charming house in Knightsbridge, London, the lease of which, as will be seen by reference to our advertising columns, is about to be sold, together with the furniture and effects. The late Lord LYTTON used to call this "the prettiest house in London," and it certainly is a delightful summer residence in itself and in its location. It is, moreover, a house with a romantic history, which was narrated at length by the great novelist himself in "The History of an Acre," printed in HARPER'S WEEKLY for May 13, 1882, and reprinted in the "Franklin Square Library" as one of the collection of short stories entitled *Multum in Parvo*. The interior is fully described in *A Terrible Temptation*.

Mr. READE lived many years in this house, and some of his most famous novels were written within its pleasant seclusion. Personal bereavement and failing health induced him, some time before his death, to seek the mild climate of the south of France, where he wrote his last serial story, "A Perilous Secret," now appearing in HARPER'S BAZAR. He had scarcely put the finishing touches to this work when he was taken back to England that he might die among his friends. The journey hastened his end. A bitter east wind, which prevented his crossing the Channel, detained him a week in Calais, and the cold air from the North Sea did him much harm, fresh as he was from the Mediterranean. But his will was strong, his mind buoyant and clear, and though suffering intensely, he wrote cheerfully about the work which he proposed to do, but which he was not permitted to undertake.

PERSONAL.

MR. THOMAS G. APPLETON, who died at Boston on the 17th inst., was a gentleman of rare culture. He lived a life of elegant leisure, relieved by application to the fine arts, of which he was always a liberal patron. Mr. APPLETON was one of the founders of the Boston Art Museum, and contributed to it generously, not only with his purse, but also from his own gallery of well-selected paintings. He helped with a free hand and took a warm personal interest in the Boston Public Library, the Institute of Technology, the museums of natural history both of Boston and Cambridge, and Harvard University. Mr. APPLETON rivalled Dr. HOLMES as a social wit, and some of his happy phrases have passed into the current literary and conversational usage of the day, one of them, the famous declaration that "all good Americans go to Paris when they die," being as freely used in the Old World as in the New.

—Gentlemen and ladies who intend competing for the five-hundred-dollar prize offered by Mr. BARNUM for the best poem on the white elephant are informed that hundreds of communications have already been received by the Rev. Dr. ROBERT COLLYER and other members of the committee, and that the 1st of June is the limit for sending in their productions. There have been much worse subjects for a poem than the white elephant. It is rumored that Mr. MARTIN FARQUHAR TUPPER will win.

—The venerable ex-President JOHN MACLEAN, of Princeton College, celebrated his eighty-fourth birthday a few days ago at his residence near the college. He is a familiar figure in the streets of that academic town, and enjoys the affection of both natives and students. President MCCOSH, his successor, is spending his Easter vacation out West.

—CARLOS AGUERO, the Cuban revolutionary leader, is a man below the medium height, and weighs only about a hundred and fifteen pounds. He has black curling hair, and a small mustache which turns up at the ends. His smiles are grim, and there is a look of fierceness about his face, but ordinarily he is the most harmless person imaginable in appearance. AGUERO belongs to a wealthy family in Puerto Principe. He is not yet thirty, and has been in arms against Spanish authority in Cuba almost continuously since he was fourteen. No one who knows him doubts his bravery.

—Professor WILLIAM HENRY GREEN, upon whom Edinburgh University bestowed the honorary degree of Doctor in Divinity on the 17th of April, is the distinguished Orientalist of Princeton. He was invited to go to Edinburgh for the purpose of receiving the degree, and the only other gentleman so honored was Professor DORNER, of Berlin. This is the first time that Princeton has been conspicuously admitted into the fellowship of the transatlantic universities.

—M. GEORGES OHNET, whose play, *Le Maitre de Forges*, has been extraordinarily successful in Paris, and has had two independent translations and presentations in this city, is described as rich and thirty-five, the son of a prosperous architect, agreeable, chivalrous, and able to use his art for the consolation of the *bourgeoisie*.

—King JOHN of Abyssinia is cruel. On returning from an interview with him General GORDON saw forty Soudan soldiers mutilated together and sent to Bogos, with a message that if his Highness wanted eunuchs he could have them. Two thousand Egyptians, taken prisoners, were ordered to march. Being hungry and faint, they refused. The Abyssinians shot at them as at targets.

—The *Pall Mall Gazette* remarks that Mr. HERKOMER'S picture of the arrival of emigrants at Castle Garden might be called "The Building of the United States." The suggestion may be offered to the talented Mr. ULRICH, who, at the Academy exhibition, appears with a similar subject.

—It is time that the poor man had his turn (observes a late essayist). He can be better fed for less money, and not only better fed, but better lodged and clothed, by a little organization and a determination to prevent waste.

—"I have always been at a loss to understand," writes a distinguished Englishman, "why intelligent English boys, after learning French nine or ten years, should leave school perfectly unable to converse intelligibly in that language for five minutes together."

—Advocates of cremation use these facts: 100,000 dead bodies are buried every year in the soil around London, or, in thirty years, 3,000,000 bodies. It takes a body twenty years to become dust.

—The death of the Duke of Albany has caused emblems of death, including ink-bordered handkerchiefs, to appear in every street of the British metropolis, the usual greens, blues, and reds being displaced by blacks and very cool grays.

—Prince BISMARCK has won from an Englishman the eulogy of being "the only statesman in Europe who knows his own mind."

—One of the last acts of the late Duke of Albany was to sign the memorial, now being prepared at Cannes for presentation to the French government, praying them not to sell the island of St. Marguerite to the company which is seeking to buy it for speculative purposes. Should the place be sold and laid out in villas and shops, it is believed that the English residents would go elsewhere, their villas being thus thrown upon the market, which already contains more sellers than buyers.

—An eminent Japanese personage is on his way to Europe for the purpose of studying and reporting on dock-yards and other naval and military things. He carries with him a large number of fans and tea-services of excellent Japanese make, which he intends to give away as presents during the tour.

—Mr. GLADSTONE will be asked to grant a small pension to the widow and family of the late BLANCHARD JERROLD. The Queen's bounty fund, which amounts to $6000 per annum, is generally distributed in sums of from $250 to $500.

—An energetic boot-black on the ferry-boat that leaves Hoboken every morning at 8.30 o'clock sometimes shines the boots of twelve passengers in the fifteen minutes occupied by the trip to New York. Receipts, sixty cents.

—The Rev. H. R. HAWEIS: "The coffee-houses of London have done something to dine the poor man cheaply and decently in the middle of the day, but the licensed victualler is too often a blind for supplying him with drink; and most of the eating-houses, compared with those of any second-rate Continental town, are close, dirty, and unappetizing. But the poor who feed at home—the women, the children, and especially the sick—are worse off still. The poor themselves are increasingly alive to this. In these days of unhealthy and often wickedly selfish speculations, philanthropic capitalists (of whom there are many) who wish to direct their capital beneficially for others, and not badly for themselves, might very wisely put a little money into a cheap kitchen for the million."

—MARY ANDERSON will impersonate Juliet at Mr. IRVING'S theatre in London wearing gowns and jewelry designed by Mr. FRANK D. MILLET, of this city, and interpreting the character for the first time from a purely Italian point of view. Miss ANDERSON has been very successful professionally and socially across the water. Among her intimate friends are the daughters of Dean BRADLEY, of Westminster Abbey.

—HEINE on his father: "He was of all human beings the one whom I most loved on earth. He has now been dead for more than twenty-five years. I never thought that I should lose him, and even now I can hardly realize that I have lost him. It is so difficult to believe that those are dead whom we have loved so dearly. Neither are they dead; they live on, and have their dwelling-place in our souls. Since then no night has passed that I have not thought of my father, and when I wake in the morning I fancy I hear the sound of his voice as the echo of a dream. Then I feel as if I must quickly dress and hurry down into the large room, as I did when a boy. Sometimes my father took me between his knees and kissed my forehead. One morning he embraced me with more than usual tenderness, saying, 'I had a beautiful dream about you, and I am very pleased with you, my dear Harry.' While he said these simple words a smile came over his face, which seemed to say, 'However badly behaved Harry may be in reality, I will always dream pleasant dreams about him in order to love him without any regret.'"

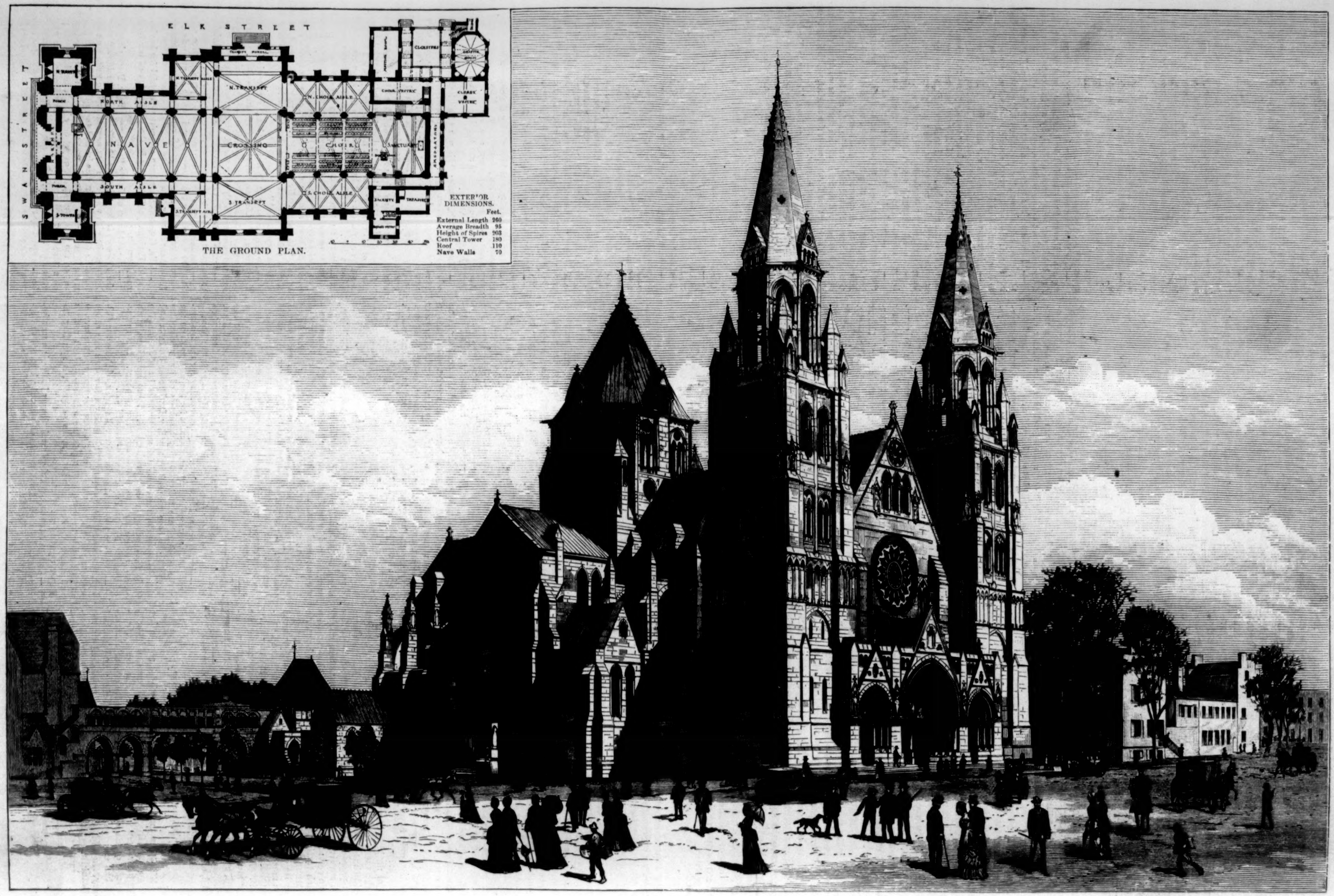
—An English lady at Cairo has offered a reward of £20,000 for the rescue of "Chinese" GORDON from his perilous position at Khartoom. She appears to appreciate the exigencies of the situation much more keenly than the British government.

—Mr. WILLIAM J. ARKELL is making an exceedingly bright and enterprising paper of the Albany *Evening Journal*.

—The Secretary of the Navy has issued a proclamation offering $25,000 reward for the discovery and rescue by any private person or vessel of the Arctic Signal Service party under command of Lieutenant GREELY.

—Mlle. COLOMBIER has been committed for trial for having outraged Parisian public morals in the publication of her book *Sarah Barnum*.

—The old home of Judge BLACK, near York, Pennsylvania (says the *Tribune*) is kept just as he left it. In the library even the lead-pencils with which he was accustomed to write with his left hand lie on the table just as he laid them down, no change being made in the furniture except that a picture of the Judge has been put on the wall, and a bust, as yet only in plaster, has been placed on a temporary pedestal. The last book he looked into was CURTIS'S *Life of Buchanan*, and the rough edges of the leaves, which he tore apart by running his thumb through them—for he never would use a paper-cutter—show how much of it he had read. He had not opened that part which related to himself at all. The chapter which he had hastily torn open was that headed: "Death of Mr. BUCHANAN. His Character as a Statesman, a Man, and a Christian."


ELK STREET
SWAN STREET
N. TOWER
S. TOWER
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PORCH
NORTH AISLE
SOUTH AISLE
NAVE
N. TRANSEPT AISLE
S. TRANSEPT AISLE
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N. TRANSEPT
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CROSSING
N. CHOIR AISLE
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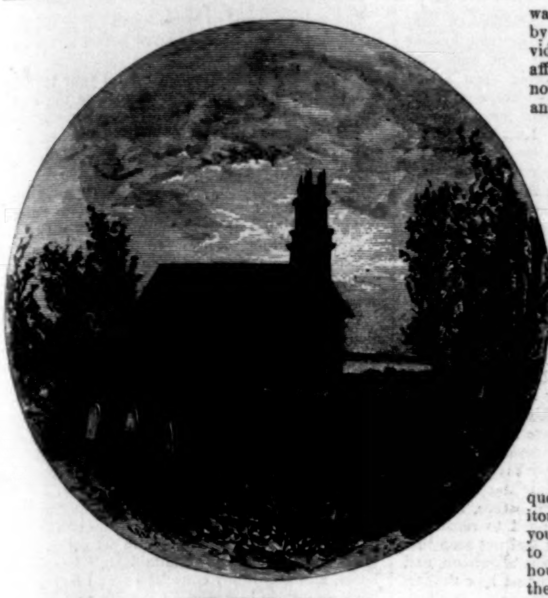
CHOIR
SANCTUARY
AMBULATORY
CHOIR VESTRY
CLOISTERS
CHAPTER HOUSE
CLERGY VESTRY
SACRISTY
TREASURY

THE GROUND PLAN.

EXTERIOR DIMENSIONS.

	Feet.
External Length	260
Average Breadth	95
Height of Spires	203
Central Tower	180
Roof	110
Nave Walls	70

THE PROPOSED CATHEDRAL AT ALBANY, NEW YORK.—From the Architect's Drawings.—[See Page 266.]



THE BRICK CHURCH.

HISTORIC TAPPAN.

Of the many localities along the west bank of the Hudson made famous by the war of the Revolution, none is to-day possessed of greater historic interest than the quaint little village of Tappan, the scene of Major André's imprisonment, trial, and execution. The Tappan of the present is almost identical with the Tappan, or "Orangetown," as it was more frequently called, of a century ago. Lying in a pleasant valley, a few miles inland from the Hudson, at the extreme northern point of the Palisades, it was, prior to the white occupation, the chosen home of a band of the great Delaware tribe of Indians, who named it Tuphaune, or Cold Stream, from the clear waters of the Sparkill Creek that still ripple as merrily as then among the low meadow-lands and thrifty orchards of the valley. Long before the country passed into the hands of the English, Dutch settlers had founded here the village of Orangetown, to which has since been restored its original Indian name slightly anglicized. Its houses still show unmistakable traces of Dutch architecture, and the solid stone walls of many of them bid fair to attest the solid character of their builders for a century to come.

Of all the houses of old Tappan, none equalled in size and general air of thrift and comfort that erected in 1753 on the principal street, and not far from the meeting-house, by Casparus Mabie, on land that he purchased from Cornelius Meyers, who held it by direct grant from the Indians. The Mabie house was built of heavy blocks of red sandstone, with red brick trimmings at doors and windows. As was the custom, the upper story, roof, and broad front stoop, with its low overhanging porch, were built of wood, but of wood so carefully selected and well seasoned that it still retains its position; though the clutch of decay has fastened upon it, and, unless protected, the disappearance of all except the stone walls will be the work of but a few years. In this house, which was the principal tavern of the village, was Major André confined by the American officers, whom Washington had instructed to provide their prisoner with the most comfortable quarters the village afforded. He occupied the two rooms on the ground-floor in the north end of the house, and used the front as his reception-room, and the one in the rear as a bedroom. Years ago the partition between this and the adjoining rear room was torn away, and the two combined to make a ball-room for more happy occupants of the house. From this rear room it is said that the prisoner could see the gallows erected for his execution, on top of the hill rising directly behind the village.

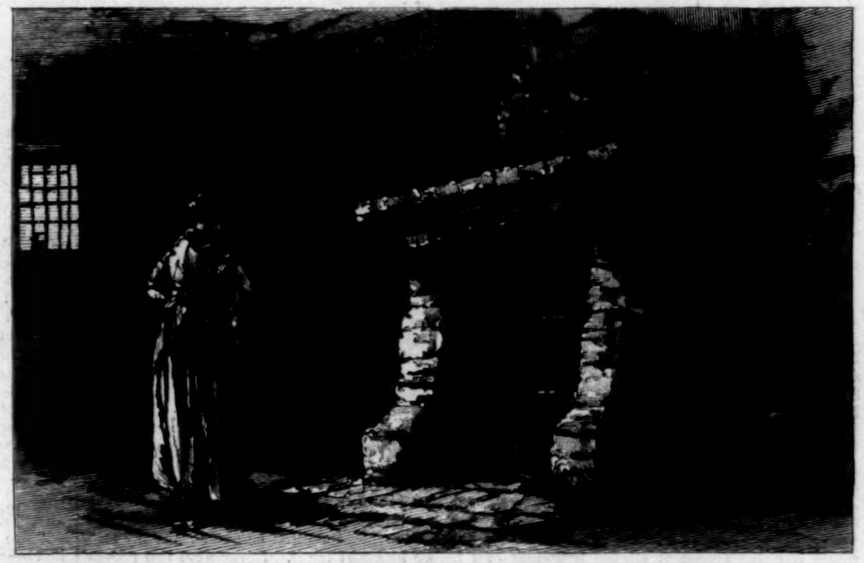
To-day this famous house, now known as the "Old Seventy-six House," stands empty and deserted, its windows and doors boarded up, its once cheerful stoop so broken and decayed as no longer to afford a safe footing, the roof of its hospitable porch falling in, and hedged from the street by a rank growth of briers and weeds and a row of young locust-trees.

Its present owner is Dr. J. J. Stephens, who lives in the adjoining house, and finds this dilapidated piece of property a veritable elephant on his hands. As the good-natured gentleman showed the writer over the interior of the Seventy-six House, he said: "You can have no idea of the trial that the ownership of this building is to me. Why, if I were to accede to the request of every visitor, as I have to yours, and undertake to show them the house, and answer their questions, I should have my time fully occupied; and yet, because I can not afford to do this, and must refuse to allow visitors to enter the house alone, I am accused, twenty or more times a day, of being a churlish, unaccommodating fellow. I have tried in vain to sell the house to the government, the State, the county, and to individuals; but none of them will buy it. I had tenants for it, but in their hands it was in danger of being carried away piecemeal by unscrupulous visitors. That fire-place, for instance, was once bordered with rare old Dutch tiles that I valued very highly, but, as you see, every one of them has been torn from its place and stolen. If I should tear the house down, as I have serious thoughts of doing, a universal cry of indignation would be raised against me, and I am really at a loss what to do with a piece of property that has been a constant burden on my hands for twenty-five years, and bids fair to remain so."

Since the visit of our artist to this romantic and picturesque village, the ravages of insatiable relic-hunters have compelled the owner of this historic building to protect it by a high fence. It ought not to be suffered to disappear or be despoiled in this manner. We have in this country too few memorials of the past, and those that remain should be reverently guarded. It has been well said that material progress always means the destruction of the picturesque; but there appears to be no good reason why, in a quiet village like Tappan, so interesting a memorial of the Revolutionary times should not be preserved.

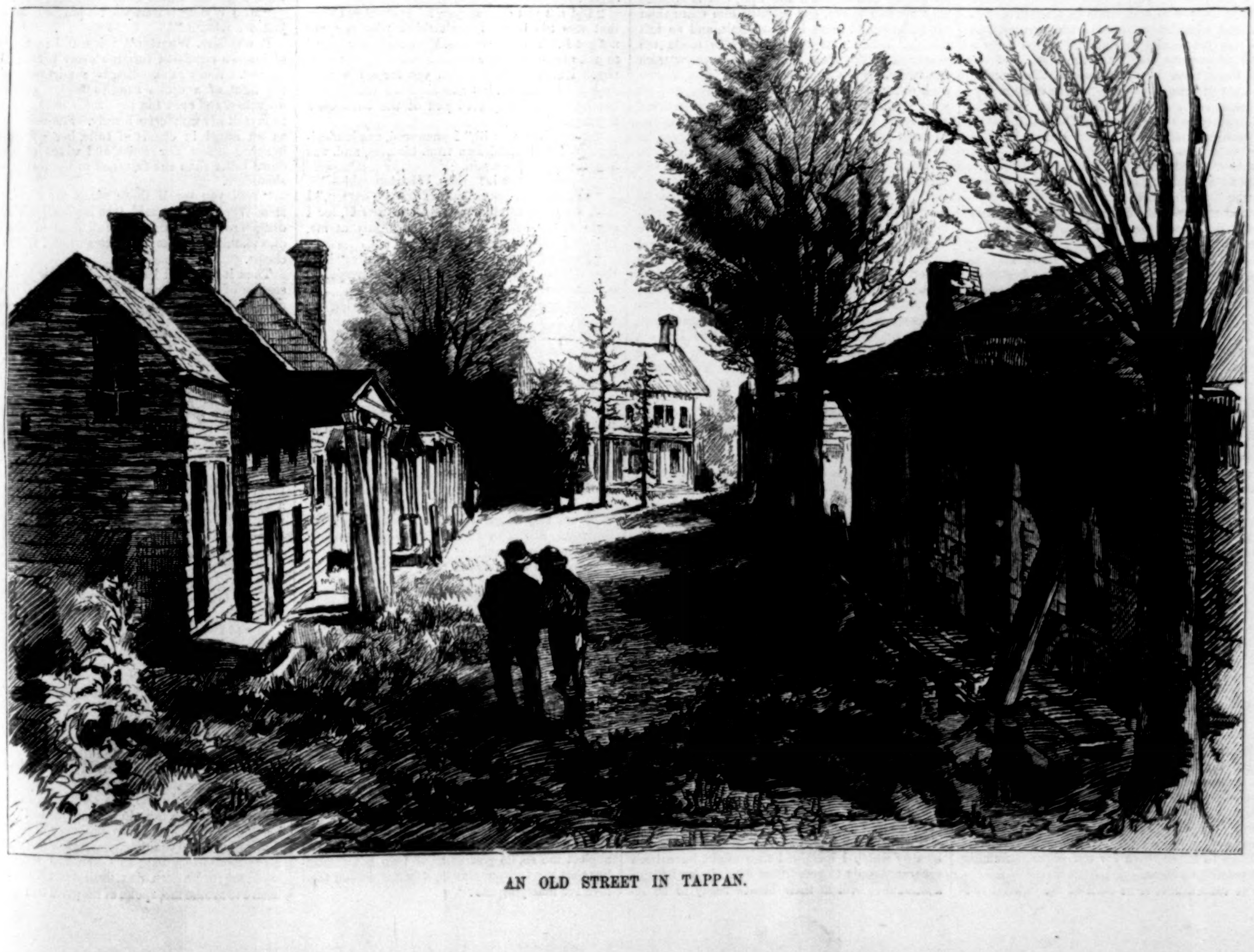
In the village are several quaint fire-places, which were once highly adorned with tiles, but which are now only valuable for their antiquity of form. One of these was discovered by the artist during his rambles, and its outlines were quickly transferred to his sketch-book.

The old-fashioned red brick church which dominates the main street of the village is really quite a modern affair, and was built in 1835 upon the site of two predecessors. The first meeting-house, erected in 1716, was a broad, low-roofed building, having a square tower with an open belfry, and sharp-pitched, hexagonal roof. It was in this building that André was tried and condemned. It was partially torn down and rebuilt in 1788. Behind the meeting-house is the quiet little burying-ground, shaded by huge sycamores and elms, and filled with moss-grown grave-stones of red sandstone, recording the names and virtues of those villagers whose peaceful lives were ended more than a century ago.



ANTIQUE FIRE-PLACE.

On the crest of the hill back of the town, the spot where André was executed was marked by a granite monument, erected several years ago by a gentleman of this city; but in an outburst of ill-directed patriotism a misguided person undertook its destruction, and it now lies prone on the ground, its base blown to fragments by dynamite, and its inscription, expressing nothing but good-will and fraternal feeling, so defaced as to be almost illegible.



AN OLD STREET IN TAPPAN.

THE ALBANY CATHEDRAL.

The Cathedral of All-Saints, at Albany, for which the design of Mr. R. W. Gibson was selected some months since, promises to justify its title better than any church that has hitherto been built for the Protestant Episcopal communion. Its dimensions would certainly entitle it to rank as a cathedral even among the remains of the Middle Ages. The total length is 236 feet, of which 105 feet is given to the nave, 40 to the transept crossing, and 91 to the choir. The width across transepts is 110 feet, the average width throughout being 95. The nave is 40 feet wide, and the key-stones of its vault 70 feet from the floor, the choir five feet narrower and four feet lower, thus enhancing the apparent length of the interior by exaggerating the perspective effect. The choir aisles, however, are each 21 feet wide, the nave aisles being of not much more than half that width, according to one of the chief peculiarities of the plan, by which they are reduced from spaces fitted with pews to mere passages, so that the nave piers will not interfere with the sight or hearing of any worshipper. The exterior length is 260 feet, the height to the top of the clere-story walls 70—being the same as that of the vault—to the ridge of the roof 110, to the crown of the octagon at the intersection of the nave and transepts 180, and to the finials of the western spire 203.

The nave of the church is divided into four bays and the choir into five, each covered with a quadripartite vault. The square space at the crossing of the transepts is converted into an octagon by corbelling at the angles in the interior just above the vaulting. This octagon, like that of Ely, is not to be vaulted, but to be ceiled in wood.

The architecture of the cathedral may be classified as a free treatment of Early English, the style adopted by Mr. Pearson, whose pupil, we believe, Mr. Gibson was, for the only Anglican cathedral that has been undertaken in our time in England, and the style in which Mr. Pearson has distinguished himself in the design of several parish churches, notably St. John's, Red Lion Square, in London. The treatment of the Albany cathedral, however, is freer and more eclectic than it is probable any English architect, having the fear of the archæologists and the ecclesiologists before his eyes, would venture to adopt in a cathedral. On the outside, the simple shafted lancets which are employed in the openings, the slender arcading that surrounds the western tower, the simplicity of the tracery, where it is introduced at all, the treatment of the porches, and the square Eastern termination, suffice to designate the style. Even on the outside, however, the treatment of the central tower recalls that of a Spanish *cimborio* rather than of any English example of this feature; while the interior, except the square east end, is decidedly more Continental than English both in proportion and in detail. The emphasis of length, the "long-drawn aisle" of Gray, is the distinguishing feature of cathedrals characteristically English, as the emphasis of height is characteristically French. The Cathedral of All-Saints is not only absolutely shorter than any English cathedral, but relatively to other proportions it is shorter still. The relation of height to width in the nave is nearly as two to one, while in English cathedrals the width is commonly the greater, and there are few vaults in England which have a height of seventy feet from the floor. On the other hand, there is no attempt at the aspiring character of French vaulting, where in such typical instances as Amiens the height is to the width nearly as three to one. The treatment of the vaulting is also rather French than English. There can be no doubt that this is a gain, since, in spite of Mr. Fergusson's anxious apologetics, critics outside of England are pretty well agreed that the English architects never thoroughly understood the system of vaulting as it was practiced in France and Germany.

The meaningless ridge-rib which is commonly employed in English vaulting is omitted at Albany. The nave piers are still further from Early English work, in which they commonly consist either of sheaves of mouldings almost unmeaning, or else of round piers with engaged and banded shafts of another material. On the Continent, in the best examples, they were organized piers, with parts so closely corresponding to the organization of the vault that an archæologist could reconstruct the vaulting from a section of the pier as confidently as Cuvier a mammal from a thigh-bone. In late Gothic this process was carried to a bewildering complexity. The architect of the Albany cathedral has contented himself with the earlier and more emphatic treatment, by which the ribs and arches of the vault and the pier arches are indicated in the form of rounded projections from a square pier. The result has, perhaps, a stronger resemblance to some of the early Gothic churches of Spain than to any examples of the more northern Gothic. The other members, at least in the nave, are of like severity; the nave arches of two orders, the inner left square, the outer having a simple bead at the intrados, and a dog-tooth moulding at the extrados, the transverse arches of the aisles not being moulded or subdivided at all, the triforium pairs of shafted arches merely chamfered at the edge under relieving arches of like simplicity, and the clerestory window a pair of lancets with a simple circle punched through the spandrel by way of tracery. The treatment of the choir is distinctly richer, the pier arches more heavily moulded, the heads of the arches in the triforium traceried, and a more developed tracery in the clere-story. Even here, however, except in the great east window, which is very richly traceried, the work is severe, approaching a Romanesque simplicity and vigor, and sometimes, as in the arch, which is dropped to make room for the organ, assuming a Romanesque form.

The cathedral is to be built of the lightest reddish Potsdam stone, with wrought work of a darker and more tractable stone, quarried at Albion, which latter material is to be used alone internally. It has a noble site at the edge of the ravine on the north of Albany, to which the cathedral will form an ornament only less conspicuous than the Capitol.

WHAT MY LOVE FORGAVE.

I was young, strong, rich, and engaged to the man I loved with all my soul, and yet I was so miserable in those days that even now the old sick, desperate feeling comes over me for an instant as I look back upon them—only for an instant, thank God!

Some women are so happy-natured that where they love they give faith absolute and unshadowed, which only sternest proof can shake, and when convinced of its unworthiness can withdraw the love with the faith, and after a little go on their way rejoicing that they have been undeceived while it was yet time to escape. I am not such a woman. All my life I have loved few people, but of those few I have been jealous with a tender and passionate jealousy in proportion as I loved them. As a child I was punished and reasoned with about it; as a girl I was half pitied, half teased, by those who guessed the weakness of which I had grown terribly ashamed. I think the evil originated or drew its chief bitterness from my being left an orphan heiress in my babyhood, and having had it taught me as one of my earliest lessons, by a well-meaning but sadly mistaken aunt, that a great deal of the praise and caresses I seemed to win so easily were, and always would be, due to my fortune. Jealous as I knew myself to be, I had not the faintest conception of my capacity for it until I loved Max Erroll. Until I loved him! It seems so impossible to realize now that there ever was a time when I did not love him, or to remember what life was like before my love for him came over it like a prairie fire, or a flood sweeping all the old landmarks out of existence. The friendships and affections which were all I knew until I met him had been long in growing, for it was always as hard for me to like new friends as to cease caring for old ones; but I loved Max from the first time I saw him.

He knew it, too, for my wooing was a very brief one, and he took possession of me when we were engaged with a gay and tender masterfulness which convinced me that he was sure of my love before he asked for it. Never were two people more utterly unlike than he and I—not in appearance, for there was a certain general resemblance in height and coloring between us, which it was one of my foolish happinesses to hear people remark, but in every trait of temper and character—he light-hearted, frank, sunny-tempered, liking the pleasant things of this life, and with an impartial admiration for everything beautiful, from a fine sunset to a pretty woman, yet with a force of pride and determination underlying this surface easiness; I jealous, reserved, and passionate, to whom life was a serious business, interested only in what concerned myself and those I loved. Perhaps it was natural that our love-making should be stormy from the first, but it seemed very terrible to me, and worried him more than his pride would allow him to admit, and so left me the belief that quarrels which made me wretched until we had forgiven each other were the veriest trifles to him. We had first known each other in Switzerland in the summer, and we were spending the winter in Paris, where my aunt and I occupied a pretty little *entresol* in the Champs Élysées, and where Max and I were to be married in the spring before returning to America. We went out a great deal, for it was one of the last winters of the Empire, and very gay. This gayety was one of the first sources of my troubles, for Max enjoyed himself so evidently at dinners and balls when I was much more bored than amused, though to please him I tried to like them, and (owing to my heiress-ship, I used to tell myself bitterly) was quite enough admired to make me feel that if I were Max I should be uncomfortable; but he only laughed when I hinted as much to him, smoothed my hair lightly with his strong white hand, and told me that I was a vain little child, who could not shake his faith in me try as hard as I might; and I pulled down that dear hand and kissed it, thinking how much nobler was his trust than my jealousy, and so was happy until, when he had gone, my familiar demon whispered to me that it was easy not to be anxious about the safety of a treasure whose loss would bring no incurable regret.

Now Max knew of my jealousy of the slightest admiration which he showed for other women, and he treated it as a silliness which, if he yielded to it, might darken our future lives. So after telling me that he could only love one woman, and that he had given me the best of proofs who that woman was, he would continue his gay and pleasant friendships with whoever among our acquaintances was prettiest and wittiest. He never guessed the real root of my misery, for some instinct told me that unless I did indeed wish to end everything between us, he must never know how often I believed that he had wooed me for my fortune, and not my love. Soon after Christmas there arrived in Paris a Mrs. Wharton, about whom every one was raving as the most beautiful woman who had dazzled our American colony for many a day. She was a widow, young and wealthy, and it was of her Max had told me, months before, that in his college days she had been his first love—a hopeless love, he had said, laughing, for she was even then engaged to Mr. Wharton. But that Max could love any woman without hope seemed impossible to me, and I tortured myself with half a dozen stories of romantic troubles by which I imagined they might have been separated, only to meet now with the embers of a dead love still in their hearts ready to be rekindled; and from the evening when I saw Mrs. Wharton's radiant smile at Max's greeting I never knew an hour's peace of mind. The balls and dinners grew almost unendurable when I saw those two so much together, and I would go home to a sleepless night which would leave me pale and haggard to lament to myself all the morning that what little beauty I possessed was leaving me now, just when I most needed it; and when Max came, as he always did in the afternoon, between headache and heartache I was either so dull or so irritably reproachful that we seldom parted pleasantly. Of course there were times when everything went well, and I would tell myself that I could never be miserable again; but as soon as he had left me the doubts would return like a legion of devils. Oddly enough, I, who had hitherto been only too frank about my smaller jealousies, could not bring myself to utter Mrs. Wharton's name to him, for I dreaded with a dread worse than any suspense to read the truth of my suspicions in his eyes.

Such a state of mind, however, could not endure long with a girl of my disposition without a crisis, and one day in February my self-control came to an end. Max had, for the first time, missed coming the afternoon before, and my aunt being ill, I had been obliged to remain at home in the evening, so that I had not seen him for two days. It was a brilliant afternoon, and I can see when I shut my eyes just how the sun shone through the muslin curtains on the hyacinths which filled the jardinières in our windows, and I never hear the shrill, sweet singing of a canary that I do not remember how the voice of Aunt Kate's bird rang in my ears all through those miserable hours. I was walking up and down the little salon, for sitting still would have been impossible in my suspense, when I heard his cheery voice in the hall speaking to the servant who took his overcoat.

I had always thought Max's voice one of his greatest charms, and had often told him that the sound of it in the veriest commonplaces was like a breath of bright fresh air to drive away all the gloomy mists my fancy had conjured up, but today I only told myself that it was another proof how little he cared for me that he could be so cheerful when he must know how he had grieved me by not coming yesterday. He entered, drawing off his gloves, and looking—oh, so handsome and so good! Surely, surely, if he were false, no traitor had ever looked so true since Lucifer was an angel!

"Are you not glad to see me? I feel as if I had been away a week!" he said, gayly. Then, as I made no answer, but stood with my back to him, looking at the fire, he came close to me and drew me to him.

"Is my foolish child angry with me again?" he said, softly, bending his head to look in my averted face.

I loved him so dearly that at the caress of his touch, the tender tone in his voice, I felt my anger going, my suspicions fading, just as they had so many times before.

"Why didn't you come yesterday? I have been so miserable!" I murmured; but my head rested on his shoulder, and the happy tears rushed to my eyes with a blessed sense of peace and safety.

"Did not you get my note? Poor little thing, that was too bad. I can't think why you did not get it. The fact is, Mrs. Wharton was obliged to ask me to help her about some business matters. I meant to have seen you for a few minutes before dinner, but she kept me until it was too late, and I expected you at the baroness's last night."

"Aunt Kate was ill," I answered, mechanically; but I had withdrawn from his arm, and was looking at the fire again.

"Neuralgia was it? Mrs. Wharton said—"

"Yes, we had better talk of Mrs. Wharton," I said, my voice trembling in spite of myself, for I could feel that he was looking keenly at me, though I did not meet his eyes.

"Evelyn," he said at last, very coldly, "it is time this folly of yours ceased. These perpetual explanations lower me in my own eyes."

"But you feel no degradation in forcing me to ask them?" I interrupted him, passionately. "You care nothing for what I suffer before I can bring myself to this."

"What do you mean by saying that we had better talk of Mrs. Wharton?" he demanded, without noticing my outburst.

"I mean that for the last two months my life has been made a misery to me by seeing you so constantly with her. Ask any one who knows us if it is surprising that I should demand of you what you mean by such devotion?"

"This is nonsense," he said, and there was actually a ring of amusement in his voice. "Mrs. Wharton and I are old friends, and I like her heartily. She is by all odds the most entertaining woman in Paris."

"And you can tell me that, you who—" My voice failed me for tears.

"I who ought to think you wittier and more brilliant than a woman ten years your elder, and accustomed to hold her own in society before you had your first governess? Love is blind, but not quite so blind as that, you baby;" and Max laughed teasingly, and tried to pull my hands down from my face, but I had been too wildly miserable these last two days to be pacified like a spoiled child, with not even a promise for the future.

"Love!" I cried, bitterly, wrenching myself from his hands. "How can I believe you love me?"

"Because you are to be my wife, Evelyn," he said, with sudden gravity. But I had lost all control of myself.

"What has that to do with it? When you neglect me so, do you suppose I do not remember that my fortune may be a better reason than love for marrying me?"

The room seemed to swim about me in the silence which followed, and I knew before he spoke that I had lost my cause.

"This, then, is the reason for all your taunts and reproaches? You pretend to love me, and can believe me capable of the lowest hypocrisy to which a man can stoop. I have reached the end of my endúrance." His voice was very hard, and his eyes met mine with a look which I told my breaking heart was contempt. He took up his gloves from the table and walked to the door.

"I am going," he said, in that strange voice. "We are neither of us fit to talk calmly now. What comes next will be for you to decide, but if this is to be the end, your temper and no fickleness of mine is the cause."

Then the door closed behind him, and I was alone.

How I passed the remainder of that day and the night and day which followed has always been a very chaotic remembrance to me, for between my longing to send for Max and beg his forgiveness, and the jealousy which would not permit me to so humble myself, I was almost insane. Aunt Kate was confined to her room, so that when the second evening came, and I had promised to take part in some tableaux at the house of an old friend, there was no one to notice my wretchedness and oppose my going. As I was to appear in only one tableau, I dressed at home, and was dimly conscious that I had never been so nearly beautiful in my life as I was in the black velvet dress, puffed tulle sleeves, high ruff, and pearl-bordered cap of Mary Stuart. Excitement had given me a color, and my blue eyes were burning and black. I thought with a bitter sigh, as I turned from the glass, how unlike I was to the "lily" which had been Max's favorite name for me. Mrs. Butler, our hostess, met me, and we entered the library, which was to be our greenroom, together. All who took part in the tableaux were assembled, and I knew Max could not fail to be there, as he had several rôles assigned him. Between hope and fear I shivered from head to foot. Would he come to me as he always did, and with a word or a touch make me feel that we belonged to each other, or would he— My hopes and fears came to a sudden end as I saw Mrs. Wharton, looking wonderfully lovely as Marie Antoinette, with Max leaning over her chair, so absorbed in what she was saying that he did not even look up when we passed. People came to me and talked, and I suppose I must have talked too, and said what was correct to say, for no one seemed to notice anything unusual about me.

The tableaux began, and still Max and Mrs. Wharton talked earnestly, and in my agonized watching I could see that people would look at them and then at me, as if they wondered how I fancied such a monopoly of my *fiancé*.

Once as he passed me I muttered "Max," and he paused an instant to say, in a low voice, and without looking at me, "This is no place for us to say what we must to each other," and passed on before I could speak. My tableau went off very well, and people, I believe, praised it, and then some girl asked me to help her in changing her dress. I was standing in one of the dressing-rooms mechanically doing what she asked me, when some one called from the next room:

"Miss Wynne, is that you?—please come here just one instant."

It was Mrs. Wharton's voice, and sent a thrill of intense repulsion through every nerve; but I obeyed. She was standing by the dressing-table, the light of a dozen candles falling brilliantly upon her, and even I in my deadly hate confessed to myself her wonderful beauty. She was dressed as an angel in clouds of tulle, her golden hair hanging below her waist, and wings of swansdown taller than she fastened to her lovely white shoulders.

"Will you see if these wings are right, dear Miss Wynne?" she said, turning her back to the dressing-table, so that the full light of the candles should fall upon the wings while I tried their clasps.

Then it was that hatred and despair took possession of my soul and made me mad. The candles were so close to her golden hair and fleecy wings, this beautiful wicked woman who had stolen my lover's heart from me! Just a little nearer, and then a flame more yellow than her hair shot up above her head, and with a wild shriek she realized that her wings were on fire! Oh, thank God! thank God! my senses came back to me then, as with the strength of ten in my desperate grasp I flung her on the floor, and with my heavy velvet dress smothered the flames which had caught at her tulle draperies, while I tore off the burning wings and managed to throw them far from us, just as her cries had brought a crowd of horrified men and women into the room. Then, through a mist of smoke and pain, I suddenly saw Max's face above me, heard his voice passionately repeating, "My darling! my darling!" and with a last agonized wonder did he mean me or the woman I had so nearly murdered, I fainted for the first time in my life.

It was not until two days later that I was conscious enough of anything but a bewildered sense of pain for Aunt Kate and Mrs. Butler to tell me the result of the accident, as every one supposed it to be. Mrs. Wharton had escaped as if by a miracle, only her hair was burned quite short. My velvet dress had saved both our lives, but the puffed tulle sleeves had burned on my arms while I was tearing off her wings, and they would be painful for weeks, perhaps scarred for life. How I thanked God, with passionate tears which frightened my nurses, for the mercy which had made all the suffering for my sin fall upon me! Those blessed tears, which were the only utterance I dared give to the thanksgiving which will underlie every thought so long as I live, and which then made me forget even Max, until Aunt Kate, in her desire to soothe me, spoke of his grief and anxiety.

Then I heard that it had been almost impossible to persuade him to leave Mrs. Butler's house (where I still was) even to sleep, and that he would scarcely speak to Mrs. Wharton, whom he seemed to regard with aversion as the cause of my injuries. Then, indeed, my tears ceased, and, except that I shrank and shuddered with bitter self-contempt when Aunt Kate would tell me of the universal admiration for my heroism, and interest in my health, I was gentler and more submissive than I had ever been in my life.

Had I not reason to submit to anything? Whatever might come to me of misery, had I not more than deserved it? I gave myself no hope for the future, for even if this appearance of love on Max's part were real, and not remorse, which I believed it to be, I had that to tell him which would destroy the deepest love man ever felt for woman. Not even to keep the only happiness which could ever make life precious to me could I keep my terrible secret from him. So I lay and waited very quietly, my nurses said, until the doctors would let me see Max—very quietly, for despair is never loud, and only those who still hope make clamor over their grief. The morning came at last when I was to see him, and I, dressed in a white wrapper, with a blue shawl over my bandaged arms, was lying on a sofa in the little salon next my bedroom, when Mrs. Butler entered with an exquisite bouquet.

"Evelyn dear, Mrs. Wharton sends you this, with her love, and wants to see you, as she is going to Rome this evening."

"I can not—I can not; it would kill me!" I cried, turning my hot face against the sofa, with a wild feeling that I must never dare see this woman, whom I still hated, for her gratitude would force the horrible truth from me, and, for Aunt Kate's sake as well as my own, no one but Max must ever know how nearly I had been a murderess. So Mrs. Butler, afraid of bringing back my fever, yielded, and sent Mrs. Wharton away, while Aunt Kate, having settled my blue shawl more picturesquely over my white wrapper, kissed me and left the room, saying,

"I shall send Mr. Erroll to you; he will do you more good than we, doctors, and all."

"Will he?" I said to myself, with a shiver, and lay waiting in such calmness as one under sentence of death might wait for the coming of the executioner, only that no death could ever be so terrible to meet as the horror and aversion I must read in my lover's face when I had told him all. When the door opened, and I knew that he was there, my heart beat so loudly that I could not hear his step; but even my dizzy eyes could see the passion of pity and tenderness which kept him wordless as he bent over me.

"Max! Max!" I cried, "you do love me, after all?"

"Love you, my darling? How could you ever doubt it? I was a brute that night; but you had hurt me so the day before—"

"I was mad, Max"—I began, and then broke off and looked up at him with such dumb misery in my eyes that he kissed me.

"My poor little hurt love," he murmured.

"You will never call me that again," I cried. And then, in gasps of words I never could remember, the story of my sin and its repentance was told.

His face was hidden in his hands when I had finished, and I could not stretch out even one of my helpless fingers to make him raise his head that I might know my fate.

"Max," I whispered, piteously, "I was mad, and it was only one little moment."

I had meant to say no word of excuse, to utter no syllable of pleading, but I could not bear that silence.

He turned and laid his face, wet with a man's bitter tears, softly against mine on the pillow. "Forgive me, my own," he said, with a sob. "I shall never forgive myself."

Oh, my true lover, my king of men, whom I had so loved and so wronged, not all the love of all my life can repay you for those words!

THE DISMAL SWAMP.

This little-visited district, on the borders of Virginia and North Carolina, derives most of its celebrity from the ballad written by Tom Moore at Norfolk on a supposed legend of a distracted lover who fancied that his lost mistress had gone to the Dismal Swamp, and paddled her white canoe over the waters of Lake Drummond. When Mr. Wirt laid out the boundary line of the State, he described the swamp as forty miles long and twenty broad, with a black deep soil, covered by a stupendous forest of juniper and cypress trees, while below was a thick, entangled undergrowth of reeds, woodbine, grape-vines, mosses, and creepers interlaced and complicated. But man has wrought great changes since this account was given. The Dismal Swamp Canal, connecting the Elizabeth and Pasquotank rivers, now traverses the district for twenty miles, while another runs from Lake Drummond to the Nansemond River.

The first attempt to drain the swamp was made by a company organized by General Washington after the close of the Revolutionary war; but although the original design of reclaiming the land was never carried out, the land company realized enormous profits from the lumber it took out. Immense quantities of staves, shingles, and the like have been sent from the thick dark groves, and to-day most of the valuable gum, juniper, cypress, and white pine has been cut. The undergrowth is varied and luxuriant; reeds prevail everywhere, and to the south form a sea of verdure. The soil is deep and soft, and large quantities of fallen trunks have been taken from beneath the surface, where they have been preserved by the antiseptic qualities of the water.

The water of Lake Drummond and the swamp in general is dark-colored like coffee, but is pleasant to the taste, and will keep pure for a long time. The spongy nature of the soil renders road-making a difficult task, and the first railroad engineers almost despaired of success. The mule roads are simply logs laid side by side, over which the shingle-carts pass.

The swamp is intersected by some ridges elevated above the watery level which constitutes the greater part of the region, and on them the harder kinds of timber grow. These portions of the swamp are, perhaps, susceptible of being reclaimed. As to the rest, numerous schemes since that of Washington have been proposed for making it available for cultivation, and for using the upper bog surface for fuel resembling the *peat* so commonly cut from the bogs of Ireland and of Scotland.

About six months ago there were some notices published of a new enterprise looking to the reclamation of this enormous tract of land. The field is a large one, and modern appliances for draining large areas of water-saturated land have been so perfected that it is probable that success will, to a certain extent, crown the efforts of the society making the attempt.

FRIENDS IN NEED.

Spring, with its return of varied foliage, tends to make us forgetful of the gratitude we owe to the few brave plants that struggle so hard to brighten our winter landscape; the handful of trusty friends, less showy perhaps than the swarms of new acquaintances who proffer their services so readily on the dawn of better times, but whose kindliness has stood the test of the hard seasons of adversity. It is therefore a pleasing trait in human nature that it should have exalted each of the small group of evergreens to places of especial honor in the beautiful calendar of flowers. Longfellow has immortalized the hemlock-tree, with its "faithful branches," which are

> "Green not alone in summer-time,
> But in the winter's frost and rime."

And other American poets have touched on other points in American winter scenery; but there has not yet been time for the growth of a mass of gentle association and tradition round the New World evergreens, such as has gradually enveloped the little clump of English trees that brave the English winters, and has borne them such graceful blossoms of legend and proverb and poem. Strangely enough, however, these plants, whose whole mission is one of kindness, and which appear every Christmas as the allies and emblems of jollity, and are impressed year by year into the service of mirth and merriment alone, have nearly all of them a traditional association with sadness, and have figured in times past as the symbols of the most gloomy of human experiences—melancholy, pagan bigotry, and solitude and death. This at least is certainly the case with the four best known and most loved members of the group—holly, mistletoe, fir, and ivy.

There are other plants which join these four in their work of brightening our gloomy winter, and some with a less sad history and significance. There is the laurel, with its glorious memories of victory, favorite of the God of the Golden Bow, and for long time accredited with immunity from lightning; "the sweet cypress, sign of deadly bale;" the perilous juniper; the myrtles of the Paphian, forever consecrated to tenderness, and supposed to be the luckiest of plants; the mottled acuba and the elegant arbutus, which will ever be associated with good old Massic wine wherever Horace is read; the laurustinus, with its blossoms of snow, and the sacred box; the tender-seeming andrachne and the hardy heaths; the yew, casting a death-shadow, but ever symbolical of life; and many more. They, however, take minor parts in the annual pantomime—mere mutes and supers, as it were—while the four mentioned above are indisputably the leading players. Whole thickets of them are cut down year after year for the London market alone, and all the stations round the metropolis are overgrown with them for a week before Christmas-day arrives. All day long vans and vehicles are carrying them over the great city, and on the day itself every church and nearly every house in London, every stall and truck in the streets, and nearly every street boy's cap and button-hole, bear witness to the universal taste. And what is going on in London is going on throughout the land, and in all the length and breadth of England the holly and the mistletoe, the ivy and the fir, are playing their kindly parts as emblems and ministers of joy.

Yet the glad holly itself—in spite of the banished knight with his "Heigh-ho! sing heigh-ho! unto the green holly"—surely by rights the most festive of trees, with its bright glossy leaves and gleaming scarlet berries, was once consecrated to Saturn, the "Lord of Melancholy," and dispenser of all ill humors, and whether adopted in defiant significance by the Dukes of Lorraine, or employed with sinister intent by the "wise women" of England in olden days, it maintained consistently an evil reputation as a morose, unsociable, and uncanny plant. The mistletoe, again, has most melancholy traditions. When the white-robed Druids, high-priests of human sacrifice, went out with their golden sickles to cut the mysterious thing from the sacred oaks, there rested upon the little plant thus solemnly gathered an awful responsibility of lengthening or shortening life, of resisting or accelerating poisons, and of conquering or conspiring with death. The cross, so some legends say, was made of mistletoe, which was then a stately tree, but for its share in that day's crime was dwarfed to its present size, forbidden to strike roots into earth again, and compelled to live forever at feud with the trees from which it sucks its life. Among its epithets are "baleful" and "accursed," and no writer omits to fling the sneer of "parasite" at it. Take the fir again. It was sacred to the gods of the lower world, and everywhere the emblem of isolated and ungracious growth. Nothing would creep up it, nothing grow under it, and only the stork, of all birds the most solitary, favored it. So, too, with "the usurping ivy," which, though sacred to the merry Bacchus, had a gloomy reputation for powers of evil at midnight, being the friend of the enemies of man, and under certain sinister conjunctions of the stars willfully and malignantly narcotic.

Such, according to superstitious tradition, are the four plants that form the Christmas garland; but how different they are in reality. At Christmas-time old customs and old superstitions should be regarded with respect, but only those that countenance mirth and are of cheerful augury. We tolerate on Christmas-day nothing sinister or gloomy, and we laugh at all owl-omens that seek to make our decorations dismal, and nail them up to the barn door. Traditions are all very well in their way, but they can not be permitted to spoil fun. The holly is far too good a friend to bird and man, and much too beautiful, ever to be allowed to lapse into the gloom of pagan misrepresentation. Bacon specially cites it as a goodly plant for the garden, and the common voice of Christmas-keeping England has chosen it as the crown of the old Winter King, and as the emblem of stout-hearted and bright-featured Hope. And who would banish the mistletoe now? Surely no man would do it; and would any woman? If neither, then who else is to abolish the pearl-berried plant that will do nothing but in pairs, be it a stalk or leaf or berry, and therein is eloquent with a charming moral? Nor yet the fir. It is hard perhaps for future storks that all the trees should be cut down young, but why should we consult storks' nurseries before our own? The bird can go and nest in Holland if it likes, or in the chimneys; or it might, if good-natured, accommodate itself to some other tree, seeing that the fir, and the fir alone, will make a proper Christmas tree. Are our children to go without that supreme delight of the year simply because storks choose to go and lay their eggs in fir-trees? The idea is preposterous, and even at Christmas-time might tend to create ill feeling toward the birds. On no other consideration would it be possible to feel sympathy with that "small Christian boy" who, as an old chronicler tells us, "had like to have been put to death in Constantinople for stoning in a waggishness a long-billed fowl"; but if it is to be reduced to the question whether storks or Christmas trees shall survive, then by all means let us go out and stone "in a waggishness" all the long-billed fowls together. The fourth is the ivy, and surely not a word is needed to ingratiate this kindly plant. But for its reverence no ruins hardly would be worth the seeing, and pretexts for picnics therefore would be lamentably diminished; and but for it so much that is unsightly and so much that is sad would be forever thrust upon our notice, instead of, as now, being gloriously clothed with verdure.

Well indeed may four such plants be blended together, the "emblems of hope and tenderness, uprightness and constancy," as flower-language books aver; but let them be emblems of what they will, their beauty when in combination needs no interpreter. Let us welcome, therefore, by all means the more brightly colored, and delicately nurtured children of the spring-time with gladness, and look forward with pleasure to the wealth of gaudy flowers and brilliant foliage that will come to us with summer sunshine; but our appreciation of their greater magnificence and rarer beauty need not reflect upon the more sombre temper of our winter friends, for they have been true to us when fidelity was hardest, and have been a pleasure to us when comfort was scarcest, and they surely deserve to be remembered gratefully until the time comes round when we shall once more be only too glad to avail ourselves of their trusty services.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

The ship *Mercury* has arrived in Boston with news from Pitcairn Island. Inhabitants of that strangely-peopled bit of dry land in the sea came aboard and took their mail—twenty-five letters, sent from all parts of the world. They reported one hundred and five persons on the island, fifty-two of whom were males. The Pitcairn-Islanders are not troubled by the question whether the alleged white elephants of the two rival shows are sacred or profane.

English women in low-heeled shoes practice what is termed the "thorough-bred stride." It is not like the natural gait of the old-time thorough-bred—pronounced "turrabred"—boys of the Bowery, whose stride is attempted nowadays only by members of up-country fire-companies.

One of the events of the year in Washington is the children's egg-rolling festival on Easter-Monday. It used to take place on the grassy terrace just west of the Capitol, the incline of which is very steep. The sport is described as follows: A dozen or more boys and girls scratched their initials on their gaudy Easter-eggs. They then stood in a row at the top of the terrace, each holding an egg on the grass. At a signal from one of the party all hands were withdrawn from the eggs, and each chased his or her egg down the terrace. The owner of the unbroken egg arriving first at the foot of the terrace was entitled to all the other eggs. The young egg-rollers attracted such a throng five years ago that the grass was killed, and since then the sport has been carried on in the White House grounds, just south of the mansion.

The London correspondent of a leading journal in this city telegraphs that Mr. Bright "is completely convalescent." For many years Mr. Bright has been an interesting figure in English public life, and the new and absolutely unique condition in which he finds himself gives him a conspicuousness which does not admit of comparisons.

An authority on social topics declares that farewell dinners to a man about to be married are an exclusively American custom, are of recent origin, and are fraudulent and absurd, since they are supposed to represent his valedictory to the joys and pleasures of single life.

Some figures are given by an English journal as to the cost of the various head-gears worn in the British army. The ordinary helmet of the line and artillery costs only six shillings, and lasts four years, so the cost per year is only eighteen pence. The cost of the bear-skin of the Guards is four pounds ninepence, and this tremendous piece of head-gear lasts six years. The feather bonnet lasts the longest—eight years—and costs two pounds thirteen shillings sixpence.

It is encouraging to be informed in a press dispatch sent from Quebec on April 15 that the ice bridges across the St. Lawrence River are beginning to melt. Such intelligence nurtures the hope that a season will come in which every north wind shall not bring cold discomfort.

Everybody who has experienced the disappointments which a stranger meets upon going to an undeveloped region which is undergoing the "booming" process will enjoy the reply made by a San Francisco man on being asked how he was pleased with Washington Territory. "Well, sir," he answered, "every bunch of willows is a mighty forest, every frog-pond a sylvan lake, every water-fall a second Minneapolis, every ridge of rocks a gold mine, every town a county seat, and every man a liar."

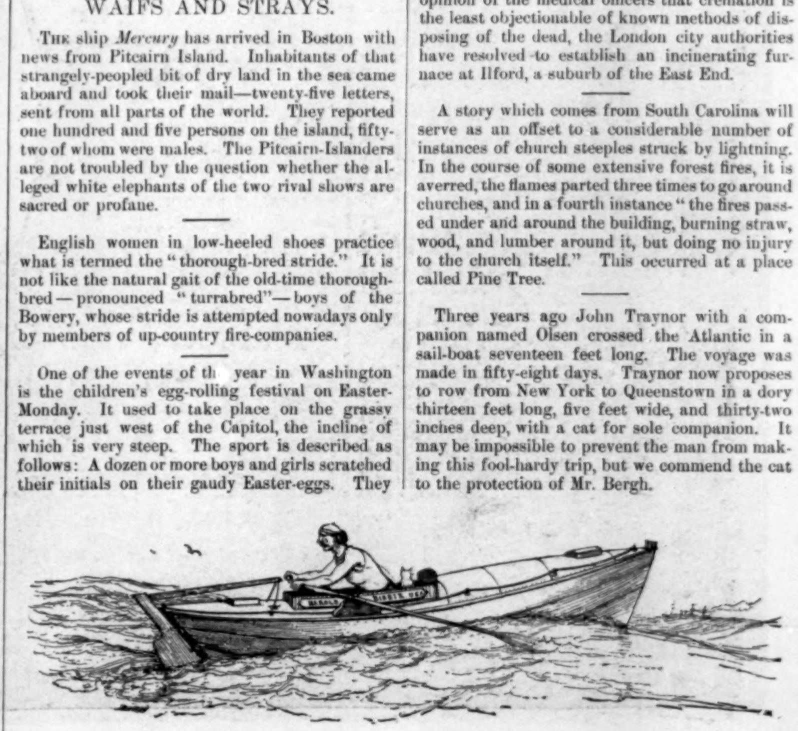
Here is another straw for the encouragement of disheartened property-holders in this be-netted metropolis. A man who has charge of a piece of property on Fifth Avenue found two telegraph line-men on the roof of the house. He ordered them off. They laughed at him. He had them arrested. They were fined ten dollars each at Jefferson Market. This looks as though it was getting to be of some use for a man to protest against having his house used as a pier to support telegraph wires and cables.

Under date of April 11, Governor Robinson, of Massachusetts, wrote to President Bruce, of the State Senate, inclosing some blades of grass from the State-house lawn, and a newspaper clipping in which Mr. Bruce was reported as saying that before the grass was two inches high on the State-house green the members of the Legislature would be scattered all over Massachusetts. The Governor said in his accompanying note: "You will find a considerable part of the grass full six inches in length. Inviting you to join me in reflection upon these circumstances, I remain," etc.

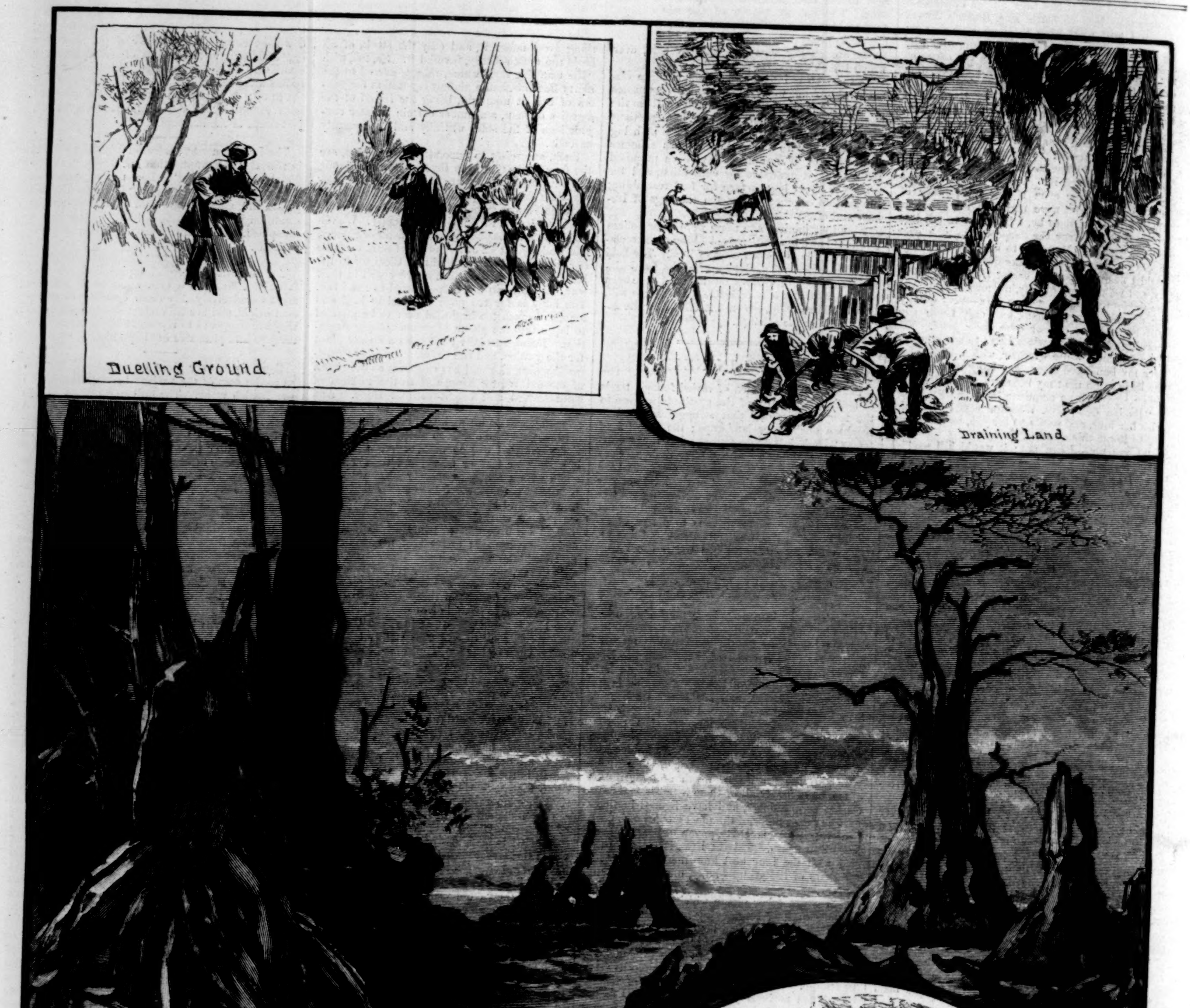
The cable says that cremation has been gaining ground in England ever since Justice Stephens ruled that it was lawful. On the strength of an opinion of the medical officers that cremation is the least objectionable of known methods of disposing of the dead, the London city authorities have resolved to establish an incinerating furnace at Ilford, a suburb of the East End.

A story which comes from South Carolina will serve as an offset to a considerable number of instances of church steeples struck by lightning. In the course of some extensive forest fires, it is averred, the flames parted three times to go around churches, and in a fourth instance "the fires passed under and around the building, burning straw, wood, and lumber around it, but doing no injury to the church itself." This occurred at a place called Pine Tree.

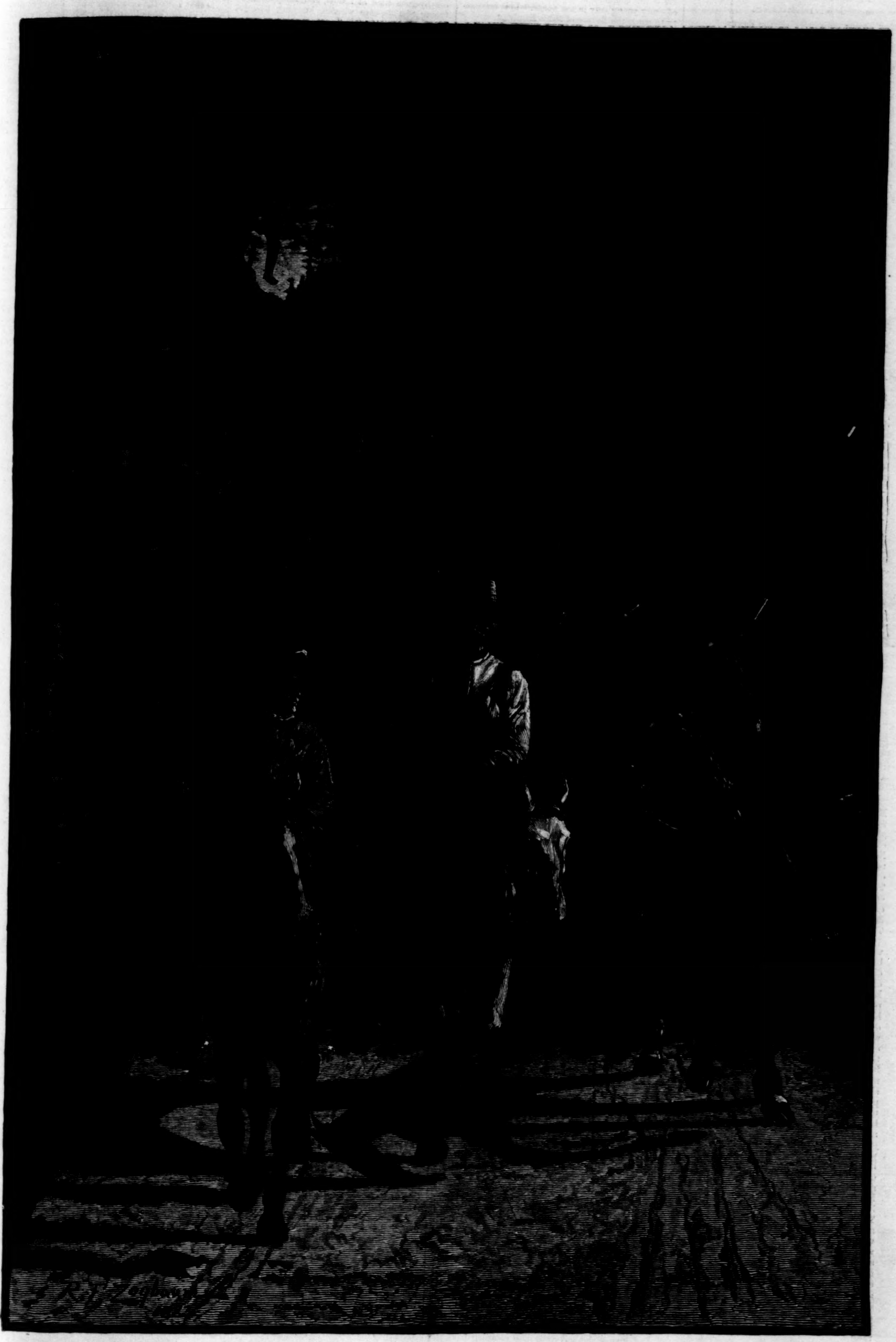
Three years ago John Traynor with a companion named Olsen crossed the Atlantic in a sail-boat seventeen feet long. The voyage was made in fifty-eight days. Traynor now proposes to row from New York to Queenstown in a dory thirteen feet long, five feet wide, and thirty-two inches deep, with a cat for sole companion. It may be impossible to prevent the man from making this fool-hardy trip, but we commend the cat to the protection of Mr. Bergh.



THE "HAROLD BIBBER," JOHN TRAYNOR'S DORY.


Duelling Ground
Draining Land
Tramway in the Swamp

THE DISMAL SWAMP.—Drawn by W. P. Snyder.—[See Page 267.]



JUDGE LYNCH.—Drawn by R. F. Zogbaum.—[See Page 271.]

THE SYMBOL OF THE DANDELIONS.

The crocus cups were on the downs,
The hills were green with heather,
The dandelions' disks of gold
Shone in the bright spring weather;
The blue above, the green below,
Were glad and gay together:

Were glad, as were the merry lads,
And curly-headed lasses,
Pulling the dandelion stars
Among the fresh green grasses—
The gay, the splendid yellow disks
That grew in golden masses.

The spring-time went; the summer brought
The hot and sultry day-time,
The scented rose, the singing birds,
The sweet dried grass of hay-time,
The dreamy, dusky evening hours,
The children's happy play-time.

But then the dandelion stars
Were downy, white, and fairy;
They blew them south and east and west,
They were so light and airy;
Away they went, but ne'er came back
To bloom in sweet Glengary.

Away they went on summer winds,
But *where*, there was no knowing;
Yet on some sunny slope or field
Next spring would find them growing
To golden stars, to fairy domes,
Meet for the children's blowing.

And even so the children passed,
In spite of love's endeavor;
Some went beyond the star-strewn skies;
Some, hills and oceans sever;
But to Glengary's banks and braes
They came no more forever.

Yet still they lift their fresh young hearts
In old lands sad and hoary,
Or tell in new unplanted ways
Their simple childhood's story.
Ah me! If those more happy ones
Still keep it in heaven's glory!

I think they do:—both *there* and *here*
One Father's love are sharing;
The dying flower, the deathless soul,
Have the same Father's caring;
Our childhood's blossoms, loves, and griefs,
Our manhood's work and bearing,
All help toward that higher life
For which this is preparing.

"I SAY NO:"*

OR,

THE LOVE-LETTER ANSWERED.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

AUTHOR OF "MY LADY'S MONEY," "THE MOONSTONE," "NO NAME," "THE WOMAN IN WHITE," ETC.

BOOK THE FOURTH.

THE DISCOVERY.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

DANCING.

The windows of the long drawing-room at Monksmoor are all thrown open to the conservatory. Distant masses of plants and flowers, mingled in ever-varying forms of beauty, are touched by the melancholy lustre of the rising moon. Nearer to the house the restful shadows are disturbed at intervals, where streams of light fall over them aslant from the lamps in the room. The fountain is playing. In rivalry with its lighter music, the nightingales are singing their song of ecstasy. Sometimes the laughter of girls is heard, and sometimes the melody of a waltz. The younger guests at Monksmoor are dancing.

Emily and Cecilia are dressed alike in white, with flowers in their hair. Francine rivals them by means of a gorgeous contrast of color, and declares that she is rich with the bright emphasis of diamonds and the soft persuasion of pearls. Miss Plym (from the rectory) is fat and fair and prosperous; she overflows with good spirits; she has a waist which defies tight lacing, and she dances joyously on large flat feet. Miss Darnaway (officer's daughter, with small means) is the exact opposite of Miss Plym. She is thin and tall and faded—poor soul! Destiny has made it her hard lot in life to fill the place of head nurse-maid at home. In her pensive moments she thinks of the little brothers and sisters whose patient servant she is, and wonders who comforts them in their tumbles and tells them stories at bed-time, while she is holiday-making at the pleasant country house.

Tender-hearted Cecilia, remembering how few pleasures this young friend has, and knowing how well she dances, never allows her to be without a partner. There are three invaluable young gentlemen present who are excellent dancers. Members of different families, they are nevertheless fearfully and wonderfully like each other. They present the same rosy complexions and straw-colored mustachios, the same plump cheeks, vacant eyes, and low foreheads, and they utter, with the same stolid gravity, the same imbecile small-talk. On sofas facing each other sit the two remaining guests who have not joined the elders at the card table in another room. They are both men. One of them is drowsy and middle-aged—happy in the possession of large landed property; happier still in a capacity for drinking Mr. Wyvil's famous port-wine without gouty results.

The other gentleman—ah! who is the other? He is the confidential adviser and bosom-friend of every young lady in the house. Is it necessary to name the Reverend Miles Mirabel?

There he sits enthroned, with room for a fair admirer on either side of him, the clerical sultan of a platonic harem. His persuasive ministry is felt as well as heard: he has an innocent habit of fondling young persons. One of his arms is even long enough to embrace the circumference of Miss Plym, while the other clasps the rigid silken waist of Francine. "I do it everywhere else," he says, innocently; "why not here?" Why not, indeed, with that delicate complexion and those beautiful blue eyes; with the glorious golden hair that rests on his shoulders, and the glossy beard that flows over his breast? Familiarities forbidden to mere men become privileges and condescensions when an angel enters society —and more especially when that angel has enough of mortality in him to be amusing. Mr. Mirabel, on his social side, is an irresistible companion. He is cheerfulness itself; he takes a favorable view of everything; his sweet temper never differs with anybody. "In my humble way," he confesses, "I like to make the world about me brighter." Laughter (harmlessly produced, observe) is the element in which he lives and breathes. Miss Darnaway's serious face puts him out; he has laid a bet with Emily—not in money, not even in gloves, only in flowers—that he will make Miss Darnaway laugh, and he has won the wager. Emily's flowers are in his button-hole, peeping through the curly interstices of his beard. "Must you leave me?" he asks, tenderly, when there is a dancing man at liberty, and it is Francine's turn to claim him. She leaves her seat not very willingly. For a while the place is vacant; Miss Plym seizes the opportunity of consulting the ladies' bosom-friend.

"Dear Mr. Mirabel, do tell me what you think of Miss De Sor."

Dear Mr. Mirabel bursts into enthusiasm, and makes a charming reply. His large experience of young ladies warns him that they will tell each other what he thinks of them, when they retire for the night; and he is careful, on these occasions, to say something that will bear repetition.

"I see in Miss De Sor," he declares, "the resolution of a man, tempered by the sweetness of a woman. When that interesting creature marries, her husband will be—shall I use the vulgar word?—hen-pecked. Dear Miss Plym, he will enjoy it; and he will be quite right too; and, if I am asked to the wedding, I shall say, with heart-felt sincerity, Enviable man!"

In the height of her admiration of Mr. Mirabel's wonderful eye for character, Miss Plym is called away to the piano. Cecilia succeeds to her friend's place, and has her waist taken in charge as a matter of course.

"How do you like Miss Plym?" she asks, directly.

Mr. Mirabel smiles, and shows the prettiest little pearly teeth. "I was just thinking of her," he confesses, pleasantly. "Miss Plym is so nice and plump, so comforting and domestic—such a perfect clergyman's daughter. You love her, don't you? Is she engaged to be married? In that case—between ourselves, dear Miss Wyvil, a clergyman is obliged to be cautious—I may own that I love her too."

Delicious titillations of flattered self-esteem betray themselves in Cecilia's lovely complexion. She is the chosen confidante of this irresistible man; and she would like to express her sense of obligation. But Mr. Mirabel is a master in the art of putting the right words in the right places; and simple Cecilia distrusts herself and her grammar.

At that moment of embarrassment a friend leaves the dance, and helps Cecilia out of the difficulty.

Emily approaches the sofa-throne, breathless, followed by her partner, entreating her to give him "one turn more." She is not to be tempted; she means to rest. Cecilia sees an act of mercy, suggested by the presence of the disengaged young man. She seizes his arm, and hurries him off to poor Miss Darnaway—sitting forlorn in a corner, and thinking of the nursery at home.

In the mean while a circumstance occurs. Mr. Mirabel's all-embracing arm shows itself in a new character when Emily sits by his side.

It becomes for the first time an irresolute arm. It advances a little, and hesitates. Emily at once administers an unexpected check; she insists on preserving a free waist, in her own outspoken language. "No, Mr. Mirabel; keep that for the others. You can't imagine how ridiculous you and your young ladies look, and how absurdly unaware of it you all seem to be." For the first time in his life the reverend and ready-witted man of the world is at a loss for an answer. Why?

For this simple reason. He too has felt the magnetic attraction of the irresistible little creature whom every one likes. Miss Jethro has been doubly defeated. She has failed to keep them apart, and her unexplained misgivings have not been justified by events: Emily and Mr. Mirabel are good friends already. The brilliant clergyman is poor; his interests in life point to a marriage for money; he has fascinated the heiresses of two rich fathers, Mr. Wyvil and Mr. De Sor; and yet he is conscious of an influence (an alien influence, without a balance at its banker's) which has in some mysterious way got between him and his interests.

On Emily's side the attraction felt is of another nature altogether. Among the merry young people at Monksmoor she is her old happy self again, and she finds in Mr. Mirabel the most agreeable and amusing man whom she has ever met. After those dismal night-watches by the bed of her dying aunt, and the dreary weeks of solitude that followed, to live in this new world of luxury and gayety is like escaping from the darkness of night, and basking in the full brightness of day. Cecilia declares that she looks once more like the joyous queen of the bedroom in the by-gone time at school, and Francine (profaning Shakespeare without knowing it) says, "Emily is herself again."

"Now that your arm is in its right place, reverend sir," she gayly resumes, "I may admit that there are exceptions to all rules. My waist is at your disposal in a case of necessity—that is to say, in a case of waltzing."

"The one case of all others," Mirabel answers, with the engaging frankness that has won him so many friends, "which can never happen in my unhappy experience. Waltzing, I blush to own it, means picking me up off the floor, and putting smelling salts to my nostrils. In other words, dear Miss Emily, it is the room that waltzes—not I. I can't look at those whirling couples there with a steady head. Even the exquisite figure of our young hostess, when it describes flying circles, turns me giddy."

Hearing this allusion to Cecilia, Emily drops to the level of the other girls. She, too, pays her homage to the Pope of private life. "You promised me your unbiassed opinion of Cecilia," she reminds him; "and you haven't given it yet."

The ladies' friend gently remonstrates. "Miss Wyvil's beauty dazzles me. How can I give an unbiassed opinion? Besides, I am not thinking of her; I can only think of you."

Emily lifts her eyes, half merrily, half tenderly, and looks at him over the top of her fan. It is her first effort at flirtation. She is eager to engage in the most interesting of all games to a girl—the game which plays at making love. What had Cecilia told her, in those bedroom gossipings, dear to the hearts of the two friends? Cecilia has whispered, "Mr. Mirabel admires your figure; he calls you 'the Venus of Milo, in a state of perfect abridgment.'" Where is the daughter of Eve who would not have been flattered by that pretty compliment—who would not have talked soft nonsense in return? "You can only think of me," Emily repeats, coquettishly. "Have you said that to the last young lady who occupied my place, and will you say it again to the next who follows me?"

"Not to one of them. Mere compliments are for the others, not for you."

"What is for me, Mr. Mirabel?"

"What I have just offered to you—a confession of the truth."

Emily is startled by the tone in which he replies. He seems to be in earnest; not a vestige is left of the easy gayety of his manner. His face shows an expression of anxiety which she has never seen in it yet. "Do you believe me?" he asks, in a whisper.

She tries to change the subject. "When am I to hear you preach, Mr. Mirabel?"

He persists. "When you believe me," he says.

His eyes add an emphasis to that reply which is not to be mistaken. Emily turns away from him, and notices Francine. She has left the dance, and is looking with marked attention at Emily and Mirabel. "I want to speak to you," she says, and beckons impatiently to Emily.

Mirabel whispers, "Don't go."

Emily rises, nevertheless, ready to avail herself of the first excuse for leaving him. Francine meets her half-way, and takes her roughly by the arm.

"What is it?" Emily asks.

"Suppose you leave off flirting with Mr. Mirabel, and make yourself of some use."

"In what way?"

"Use your ears—and look at that girl."

She points disdainfully to innocent Miss Plym. The rector's daughter possesses all the virtues, with one exception—the virtue of having an ear for music. When she sings, she is out of tune, and when she plays, she murders time.

"Who can dance to such music as that?" says Francine. "Finish the waltz for her."

Emily naturally hesitates. "How can I take her place unless she asks me?"

Francine laughs scornfully. "Say at once you want to go back to Mr. Mirabel."

"Do you think I should have got up when you beckoned to me," Emily sharply rejoins, "if I had not wanted to get away from Mr. Mirabel?"

Instead of resenting this sharp retort, Francine suddenly breaks into good humor. "Come along, you little spitfire, I'll manage it for you."

She leads Emily to the piano, and stops Miss Plym without a word of apology. "It's your turn to dance now. Here's Miss Brown waiting to relieve you."

Cecilia has not been unobservant, in her own quiet way, of what has been going on. Waiting until Francine and Miss Plym are out of hearing, she bends over Emily and says, "My dear, I really do think Francine is in love with Mr. Mirabel."

"After having only been a week in the same house with him!" Emily exclaims.

"At any rate," says Cecilia, more smartly than usual, "she is jealous of *you*."

CHAPTER XXXIX.

FEIGNING.

The next morning Mr. Mirabel took two members of the circle at Monksmoor by surprise. One of them was Emily, and one of them was the master of the house.

Seeing Emily alone in the garden before breakfast, he left his room and joined her. "Let me say one word," he pleaded, "before we go in to breakfast. I am grieved to think that I was so unfortunate as to offend you last night."

Emily's look of astonishment answered for her before she could speak. "What can I have said or done," she asked, "to make you think that?"

"Now I breathe again!" he cried, with the boyish gayety of manner which was one of the secrets of his popularity among women. "I really fell into the mistake quite naturally. It is a terrible confession for a clergyman to make, but it is not the less true that I am one of the most indiscreet men living. It is my rock ahead in life that I say the first thing which comes uppermost without stopping to think. Being well aware of my own defects, I naturally distrust myself."

"Even in the pulpit?" Emily inquired.

He laughed with the readiest appreciation of the satire, although it was directed against himself.

"I like that question," he said; "it tells me we are as good friends again as ever. The fact is, the sight of the congregation, when I get into the pulpit, has the same effect upon me that the sight of the foot-lights has on an actor. All oratory (though my clerical brethren are shy of confessing it) is acting—without the scenery and the costumes. Did you really mean it last night when you said you would like to hear me preach?"

"Indeed I did."

"How very kind of you. I don't think myself the sermon is worth the sacrifice. (There is another specimen of my indiscreet way of talking.) What I mean is that you will have to get up early on Sunday morning, and drive twelve miles to the damp and dismal little village in which I officiate for a man with a rich wife who likes the climate of Italy. My congregation works in the fields all the week, and naturally enough goes to sleep in church on Sunday. I have had to counteract that. Not by preaching. I wouldn't puzzle the poor people with my eloquence for the world. No, no; I tell them little stories out of the Bible, in a nice, easy, gossiping way. A quarter of an hour is my limit of time; and, I am proud to say, some of them (mostly the women) do to a certain extent keep awake. If you and the other ladies decide to honor me, it is needless to say you shall have one of my grand efforts. What will be the effect on my unfortunate flock remains to be seen. I will have the church brushed up, and luncheon of course at the parsonage. Beans, bacon, and beer—I haven't got anything else in the house. Are you rich? I hope not."

"I suspect I am quite as poor as you are, Mr. Mirabel."

"I am delighted to hear it. (More of my indiscretion.) Our poverty is another bond between us."

Before he could enlarge on this text the breakfast bell rang.

He gave Emily his arm, quite satisfied with the result of the morning's talk. In speaking seriously to her on the previous night, he had committed the mistake of speaking too soon. To amend this false step, and to recover his position in Emily's estimation, had been his object in view —and it had been successfully accomplished. At the breakfast table that morning the companionable clergyman was more amusing than ever.

The meal being over, the company dispersed as usual, with the one exception of Mirabel. Without any apparent reason, he kept his place at the table. Mr. Wyvil, the most courteous and considerate of men, felt it an attention due to his guest not to leave the room first. All that he could venture to do was to give a little hint. "Have you any plans for the morning?" he asked.

"I have a plan that depends entirely on yourself," Mirabel answered; "and I am afraid of being as indiscreet as usual, if I mention it. Your charming daughter tells me you play on the violin."

Modest Mr. Wyvil looked confused. "I hope you have not been annoyed," he said; "I practice in a distant room so that nobody may hear me."

"My dear sir, I am eager to hear you! Music is my passion; and the violin is my favorite instrument."

Mr. Wyvil led the way to his room, positively blushing with pleasure. Since the death of his wife he had been sadly in want of a little encouragement. His daughters and his friends were careful—overcareful, as he thought—of intruding on him in his hours of practice. And, sad to say, his daughters and his friends were, from a musical point of view, perfectly right.

Literature has hardly paid sufficient attention to a social phenomenon of a singularly perplexing kind. We hear enough, and more than enough, of persons who successfully cultivate the arts, of the remarkable manner in which fitness for their vocation shows itself in early life, of the obstacles which family prejudice places in their way, and of the unremitting devotion which has led to the achievement of glorious results.

But how many writers have noticed those other incomprehensible persons, members of families innocent for generations past of practicing art, or caring for art, who have notwithstanding displayed from their earliest years the irresistible desire to cultivate poetry, painting, or music, who have surmounted obstacles and endured disappointments in the single-hearted resolution to devote their lives to an intellectual pursuit, being absolutely without the capacity which proves the vocation and justifies the sacrifice? Here is Nature, "unerring Nature," presented in flat contradiction with herself. Here are men bent on performing feats of running, without having legs; and women, hopelessly barren, living in constant expectation of large families to the end of their days! The musician is not to be found more completely deprived than Mr. Wyvil of natural capacity for playing on an instrument—and for twenty years past it had been the pride and delight of his heart to let no day of his life go by without practicing on the violin.

"I am sure I must be tiring you," he said, politely, after having played without mercy for an hour and more.

No: the insatiable amateur had his own purpose to gain, and was not exhausted yet. Mr. Wyvil got up to look for some more music. In that interval desultory conversation naturally took place. Mirabel contrived to give it the necessary direction—the direction of Emily.

"The most delightful girl I have met with for many a long year past," Mr. Wyvil declared, warmly. "I don't wonder at my daughter being so fond of her. She leads a solitary life at home, poor thing; and I am honestly glad to see her spirits reviving in my house."

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* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1409.

"An only child?" Mirabel asked.

In the necessary explanations that followed, Emily's isolated position in the world was revealed in few words. But one more discovery—the most important of all—remained to be made. Had she used a figure of speech in saying that she was as poor as Mirabel himself, or had she told him the shocking truth? He put the question with perfect delicacy, but with unerring directness as well.

Mr. Wyvil, quoting his daughter's authority, described Emily's income as falling short even of two hundred a year. Having made that disheartening reply, he opened another music-book. "You know this sonata, of course?" he said. The next moment the violin was under his chin, and the performance began.

While Mirabel was, to all appearance, listening with the utmost attention, he was actually endeavoring to reconcile himself to a serious sacrifice of his own inclinations. If he remained much longer in the same house with Emily, the impression that she had produced on him would be certainly strengthened, and he would be guilty of the folly of making an offer of marriage to a woman who was as poor as himself. The one remedy that could be trusted to preserve him from such infatuation as this was absence. At the end of the week he had arranged to return to Vale Regis for his Sunday duty, engaging to join his friends again at Monksmoor on the Monday following. That rash promise, there could be no further doubt about it, must not be fulfilled.

He had arrived at this resolution when the terrible activity of Mr. Wyvil's bow was suspended by the appearance of a third person in the room.

Cecilia's maid was charged with a neat little three-cornered note from her young lady to be presented to her master. Wondering why his daughter should write to him, Mr. Wyvil opened the note, and was informed of Cecilia's motives in these words:

"DEAREST PAPA,—I hear Mr. Mirabel is with you, and as this is a secret, I must write. Emily has received a very strange letter this morning, which puzzles her and alarms me. When you are quite at liberty, we shall be so much obliged if you will tell us how Emily ought to answer it."

Mr. Wyvil stopped Mirabel on the point of trying to escape from the music. "A little domestic matter to attend to," he said. "But we will finish the sonata first."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LYNCH-LAW.

THE summary disposal of alleged criminals by volunteer judges and executioners is a practice more known in the United States than in any other land, and is sometimes referred to as an American "institution." But its name is very generally derived from one JAMES FITZSTEPHEN LYNCH, whilom Mayor of Galway, Ireland, who hung from his own window, with his own hands, the body of his son, guilty of robbery and murder, whom the legal processes of the time had failed to reach. The legend, if it be at all credible, shows that it was a Welshman in Ireland who set the example which so many Americans have since followed. Lynch law has a curious history in the United States, which shows that it has not always, or necessarily, served bad ends, though it is essentially fit for circumstances that happily can but rarely happen, and even these tend to disappear pretty rapidly. The most noted instances of its application occurred in California between the years 1849 and 1856, and these have probably given tone to the general opinion of it more than any others. Yet so far as the facts are known from trustworthy sources, that opinion is much mistaken, for the vigilance committees of San Francisco, Sacramento, and Marysville, in California, possessed about all the virtues that Lynch-law can have, and none of its vices, except the single and unavoidable one of illegality. They were made up of responsible and peaceable citizens; the great body of them men of property and repute; they were known where the work was done, and as they could at any time have been called to account, had public sentiment permitted, they could not be called irresponsible. They had a comparatively permanent organization; they made their arrests and held their trials and inflicted their penalties openly, and the survivors of them are still known and respected in the place where they enacted their extraordinary parts. These committees were, in fact, simply unions of citizens to protect life and property and public order where the regular and official means for that end had failed. They hanged not more than a score of desperadoes, deported perhaps five times as many, and frightened away many more; but their known determination, steadiness, coolness, and rapidity of action made them irresistible.

They are not, however, fair examples of Lynch-law administration as it has been known in the United States, or as it is from time to time known now. The curious situation which gave rise to them has never occurred elsewhere. Lynch-law has generally been a gross violation not only of the forms but of the purposes of law. In a few instances, in the mining camps, or among the scattered settlements of the frontier where there is little law and less police force, mob justice has a wild sort of excuse for existence. But these are now, and have for years been, very rare instances, and even in these it is probable that it protects property in horseflesh much more adequately than it does other property or human life. In general, as now known, it is only the outbreak of passion, with no guide to its cruel course, quite as likely to destroy the innocent as the guilty, and wholly needless. There are very few places in this country at the present moment where the courts and the Executive, sustained by public sentiment, can not be relied on to secure more justice, and more quickly and surely, than can the mob. Usually lynching nowadays is done in a way which shows the practical efficiency of the real law by the fear of it manifested by the lynchers. They assemble in secret, they disguise themselves with masks and grotesque clothing, they make their assaults by night, and hurriedly hang or shoot or flog their victim, and then disperse. In the main their conduct is as cowardly and cruel as it is unjust and opposed to the real interests of law and order in the community. But their judgments, once reached and carried out, are irrevocable. The life they have taken in anger can not be given back, though they may learn that they were in error. Such action, in this country and in these times, is revolting to all sense of fairness and decency, to all respect for human life and human rights.

Obviously it is an evil which tends to steadily disappear, because it is at war with civilization and the spirit of organized and orderly society. It is a rude survival of the time when each man was the defender and to a great extent the judge of his own rights, and when there was no recognized standard of common rights, and no adequate means of enforcing such a standard. It is a curious fact that such survivals in the midst or on the outskirts of organized society are frequently more savage than was the life from which they sprang in the past. It seems that when the conventional bonds which hold the passions of men who live together in restraint once give way, these passions burst out with an explosive force. And this fact undoubtedly increases the obligation of sober and right-minded men in communities where such outbursts are liable to occur—an obligation that is generally only dimly recognized, especially in the South and West of the United States. It rests on the fact, which is the basis of all orderly society, that no man can safely be the judge of the rights of another, unless clothed with authority delegated by his fellow-citizens, and exercised with responsibility for its use. The rash zeal for justice which leads men to take the law in their own hands would be an effective and powerful influence if rightly exerted, in the support of proper authority, and holding to account those to whom such authority is intrusted.

THE ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

THE interest of the Academy Exhibition this year is suggestive rather than intrinsic; and, in the first place, no one familiar with the history of our American Salon will deny that, to a certain extent, what has been said of the Paris Salon—namely, that a young man who has not entered one of the three ateliers of the Beaux Arts presided over by the three government delegates, GÉRÔME, CABANEL, and LEHMANN, has no chance of honor—finds a parallel here. The hanging committee, in other words, look out for themselves and their friends, and in the present instance they seem to have cared little for chromatic or pictorial grouping or balancing. Though the display contains no picture of commanding importance, there are at least four highly significant works—that of Mr. ULRICH, which, together with Mr. MOELLER's, indicates the rise of a new school of *genre* whose literary aims are as realistic as ZOLA's, and whose artistic aims are large; that of Mr. WINSLOW HOMER, which shows that because a man is an Academician his condition is not necessarily hopeless; that of Mr. F. D. MILLET, which represents a desire on the part of a few promising brave men to select and conquer the greatest possible technical difficulties; that of Mr. THOMAS ALLEN, Jun., which stands as the exponent of the simplest, frankest, and most pictorial treatment of the "landscape with cattle" business this continent has witnessed; and that of Mr. F. S. CHURCH—the "Aurora"—which, thin and ill-drawn as yet, is charged with strange hints of a passionate fantasy.

The nature and the number of the contributions of members of the Society of American Artists, taken in connection with the fact that the once obnoxious organization will this year hold its annual exhibition within the precincts of the Academy itself, serve to obliterate the last practical distinction between the aims of the two institutions; and Mr. WALTER SHIRLAW, who a few years ago declined to accept an election as Associate of the Academy, seems, in the light of present events, to have needlessly relinquished the honor.

The old-time smock-smoothness of American painting, which used occasionally to make one wish for the example of a RIBOT, who, in his garret at night, by candle-light, would paint hard contrasts of black and white without reflections, has somewhat diminished; and the new-timers, not all of them yet out of the amateur stage, where the painter is almost sure to think less of true art than of pretty and cheap substitutes for it, are coming into respect for the excellence of study and reflection, and of technical skill in the service of delicacies of sentiment and taste. Less of the eruptive and aggressive, more of the *lenis minimèque pertinax*, in style, appears; and in the midst of much glacial commonplaceness, tolerable at all only because you can not always tell at first sight whether the inanity is due to inferiority of imagination or merely to inferiority of technique, one really does occasionally strike upon things almost as good as WYANT's sunshiny landscape, which the painter has worked over and over until it is full of light.

SOME APPLICATIONS OF LAISSEZ-FAIRE.

WHEN Adam Smith published his *Wealth of Nations*, in 1776, it was supposed that the domestic policy of governments had been marked out for all succeeding time. Political economy had spoken its last and best word, and that word was *laissez-faire*. Writers of books wanted every barrier thrown down, so that, untrammelled by restraints, all men could pursue their own interests in their own way, in the belief that thereby they were best promoting the well-being of the people. "Love thy neighbor" was interpreted "Love thyself," and duty became easy. Fortunately practical men could never be induced to see things quite in this light, though they made numerous concessions to the spirit of individualism, and many of these were timely and well-advised. The fruits of this movement appeared at first entirely good, and the two words "free competition" became in the minds of many a panacea for every ailment of social bodies. This no-policy has gone on, and overturned ancient usages and customs, the growth of centuries, until at last the cry for free competition between male and female labor is raised by agitators who little know what they ask.

But another side to free competition than the beneficent one began years ago to make itself felt. A purely economic example is furnished by the case of the English railways. Carefully compiled statistics have shown that the larger the number of competing lines, the higher the freight and passenger rates. And this is not strange, for it is manifest that two railways imply more capital, increased working expenses, and, *cœteris paribus*, higher charges, than one, if both are to earn dividends. Our own railway history furnishes instructive examples. Other instances of evil consequences resulting from the no-policy furnished by England—the classical territory of free competition—are the employment of very young children, sometimes fifteen hours a day, in overheated rooms, the demoralization of working-women, the degradation of laboring-men, and the ruin of home life in one social class. Matters became so bad before 1850 that Robert Owen, himself a wealthy manufacturer, declared the white slavery of England worse than the black slavery of America—and he had witnessed both—while men like Thomas Hughes and Charles Kingsley proclaimed it impossible that such a state of things should continue, and started the English Christian Socialist movement.

In our own country the growth of corporations and grinding monopolies and the evil effects of gambling in stocks and provisions are so apparent that it now seems to some that *laissez-faire* is wholly bad, and people are at times inclined to forget how much of the marvellous progress of the age is due to the development of the spirit of individualism and free competition which it has brought about.

It must be recognized that the generalizations of political and social sciences are for the most part only relative truths, valid for certain times and given places. If any one rule of policy like *laissez-faire* were allowed to become all-controlling for a long time, it would lead to a collapse of the social body, and the establishment of a new social order on the ruins of the old. State enterprise must be met by private industry, while government regulations must hold self-interest in bounds.

Such considerations as these ought to be borne in mind in discussions concerning the salaries and earnings of sea-captains, pilots of steamboats, engineers, and other persons connected with navigation, upon whose courage, skill, and fidelity the lives of thousands of human beings depend. Should those who derive a profit from the transportation of goods and passengers be allowed to manage their business without any interference? Before we can answer this question we have to ask ourselves several other questions. The first is, Are matters already in a satisfactory condition? If they are, interference is obviously unwise. "Let well enough alone" applies nowhere more forcibly than in the economic life of peoples. But if navigation is not satisfactory, is it possible for the public to remedy this in their individual capacity as private citizens? If not, then it is necessary that the public in its collective form—the state—should interfere. This is only self-help, and indeed a republican form of government knows no other kind of help. It is absurd to speak of the joint action of three or four men as self-help, and deny the name to the voluntary co-operation of a great free people.

Experience would seem to show that the ordinary citizen is unable to protect his life and property on the water. If there is no interference on the part of government, private companies, in their greed and short-sighted selfishness, too often employ incompetent men, because they are unwilling to pay sufficient salaries to attract superior men to their service. Then these employés are overworked, precisely because, weak and incompetent, they are not strong enough to resist their masters. Thus the danger is doubled, and the consequence is accidents which too often occur, particularly on our inland waters.

It is not practicable for the state to regulate the salaries paid to captains, engineers, and other steam-ship officials. The time has gone by for the kind of interference which establishes the salaries private employers shall pay their employés. It is not adapted to the age. But it is entirely in the spirit of the times, and directly in accord with the movement of national economic life, for the state to establish severe requirements for admission to positions of responsibility in navigation, and to see that private corporations enforce these requirements. This crowds out inferior men, and compels employers to pay salaries large enough to attract men of the requisite ability and attainments. It is also entirely in accord with the conditions of our economic and social life to limit by law the hours of men occupying responsible positions, and to provide for a requisite working force on railway and steam-ship lines.

We must apply the same principles to the much-debated problem of pilot rates established by law, and compulsory pilotage, both of which institutions are common to almost all civilized countries; though in many, as, for example, in the United States and Germany, a strong agitation for their abolition has set in. But the arguments in support of this agitation are based on the all-pervading mercantilism of the age, as President White calls it, while the universality of the rule of legal rates and compulsory pilotage is strongly in their favor. The true question is the welfare of the public—the *salus publica*. Is it safe to leave it to the discretion of owners and masters to employ pilots or not as they choose? Will not the stress of competition induce them to play at hazard with the lives of passengers? Our experience with railway corporations in matters of this kind is not re-assuring. Again, every one admits that pilots are at times required, and the regulations and laws governing pilotage must be such as to induce able and courageous men to become pilots. It requires an apprenticeship of some five years to become a pilot; the duties of the position are arduous and dangerous, and suitable men will not offer themselves for the service unless they receive some guarantee of permanent and remunerative employment.

But it is no doubt an anomaly, and perhaps it might be said an anachronism, to force one private man to employ another private man at a salary established by law. The only justification is the public nature of the service rendered, and this leads to the question, As the nature of the service is public, why should it not be performed by purely public officials? After all that has been said and admitted in favor of our pilots, it must be confessed that government employs men superior to our ordinary pilot at a salary less than the New York pilots admit they receive, viz., upward of $2500 per annum. In some German states pilots are state officers, and there seems to be no reason why state pilots on our waters should not perform services similar to our police on land, and protect the lives and property of the public. Salaries should be such as to attract a sufficient number of capable men to the service, which could be organized on a basis like the army and navy. Fees should be such as to render the service simply self-supporting; or, if it were thought that lower fees would increase our commerce, the expense might be made wholly or in part a public charge. This is manifestly as proper as to subsidize steam-ship lines, or to encourage industry by exempting manufacturing plant from taxation. RICHARD T. ELY.

BROWN-STONE QUARRIES.

THE sandstone—or, as more commonly called, brown-stone—quarries in Portland, Connecticut, on the east bank of the Connecticut River, are about a mile and a half in length and more than half a mile in width. From the records of more than two hundred years old it is thought that they were worked as long ago as the latter part of the seventeenth century. The stones had a slight commercial value in 1665. In that year the town voted that "none but an inhabitant of it should dig the stones, and the price should be twelve pence per ton."

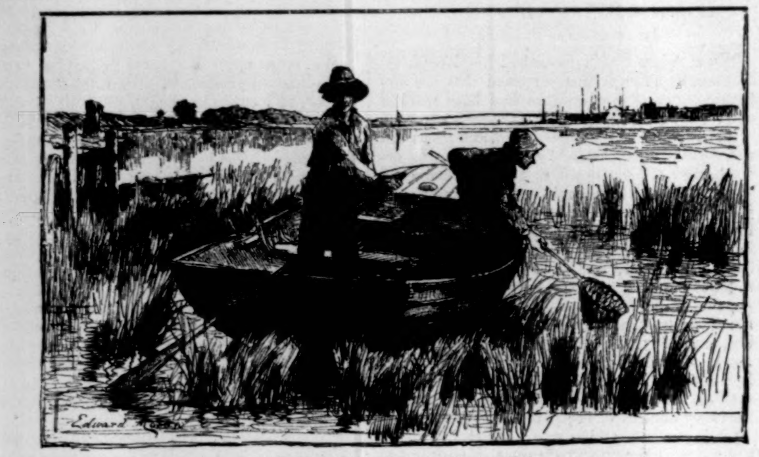
One of the quarries has been worked to the depth of two hundred feet, and a diamond drill sent down three hundred feet further found no bottom to the stone. The cone brought up by the drill has been preserved, and marked in sections. The quality of the stone is of the same general character as that above it.

The demand for the stone has greatly increased over what it was twenty-five years ago. About one thousand men are employed, and over one hundred yoke of oxen and seventy horses, and a score of steam-engines. During the busy season over fifty vessels and steamers are engaged in transporting the stone.

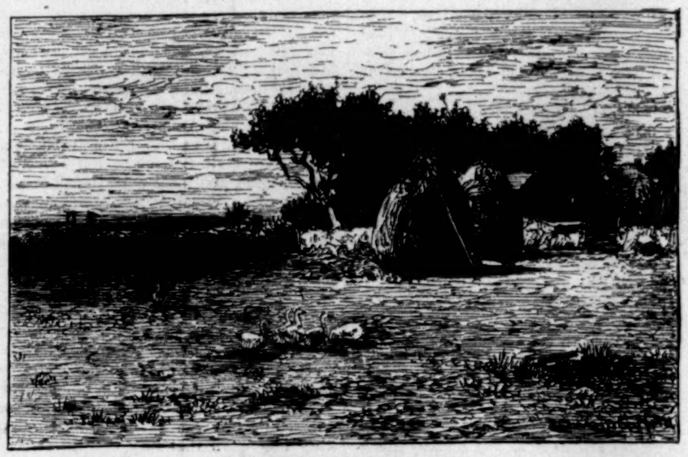
Until within a few years the laborers were nearly all Irishmen; but the Swedes have found their way there, and are now in the majority. They are reported as generally thrifty and reliable.

The stone in these quarries lies in strata of various thickness from one to fifteen feet. The inclination or "dip" is southerly. The joints or seams which cross these are not perpendicular, though nearly so. Their course is nearly northeast and southwest. They are intersected at right angles by others, and in some instances are over one hundred feet apart. Blocks can therefore be quarried of dimensions that dwarf the Egyptian Obelisk.

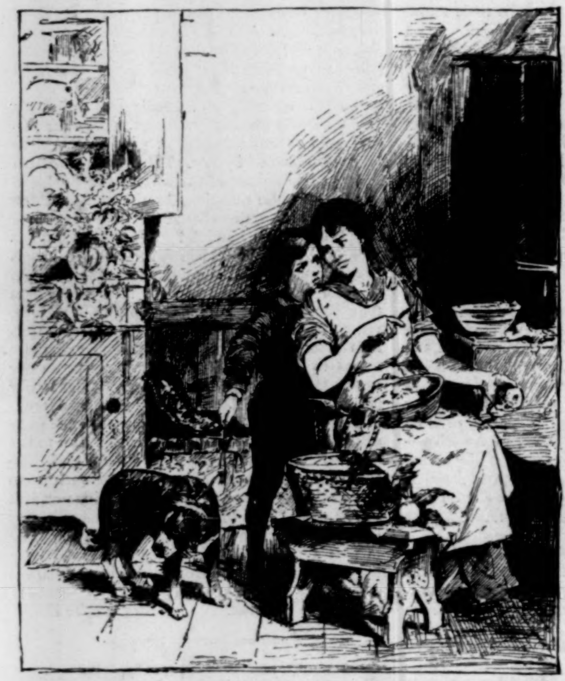
When a layer is cleared of rubbish and ready for working, the first thing is to loosen the mass by blasting. The drilling machine delivers its blows every second, yet it takes three or four days to bore a hole ten or twelve inches in diameter and twenty-two feet deep. To prevent the waste which would result if the explosive force were left without direction, science has been invoked. The powder, instead of being poured into the hole and tamped, as was done years ago, without thought of how it would shatter the rock, is now inclosed in cans that are square, prismatic, or semicylindric, and so placed that the cracks are made in the desired directions. The effect can be depended on with a good degree of certainty. When the smoke has cleared and the result is seen, a line is drawn, a deep groove cut in the upper surface, a row of wedges set close to each other, and the whole are driven with blows of equal force by strong arms and heavy sledges till the mass cracks in the line, and the block, now easily moved by crowbars, is ready to be hoisted to upper earth. It is then drawn by oxen to the scappling ground, marked and rough cut (scappled) to dimensions ready for the stone-cutter and builder, and shipped to its destination.



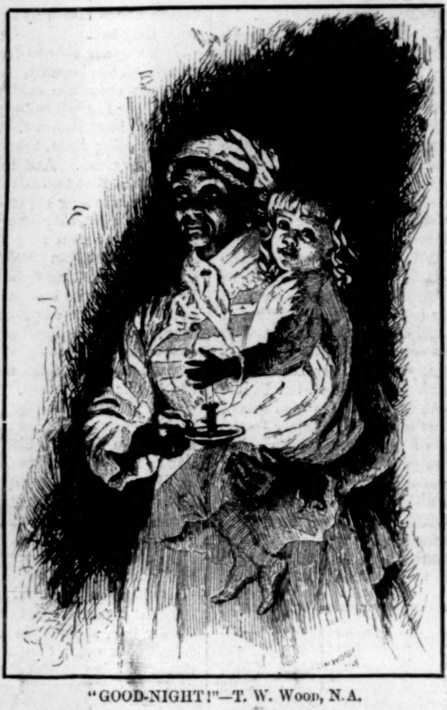
CRAB-FISHING.—Edward Moran, N.A.



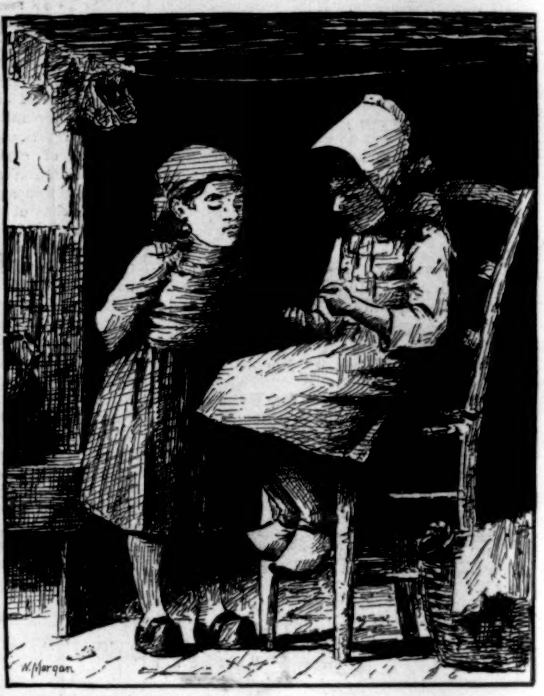
A COUNTRY HOME.—R. Swain Gifford, N.A.



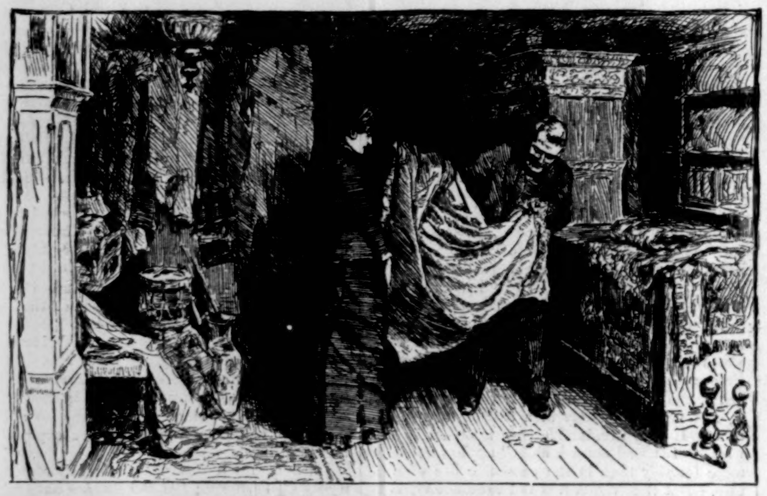
"PLEASE, MAY I HELP HIM?"—L. E. Wilmarth, N.A.



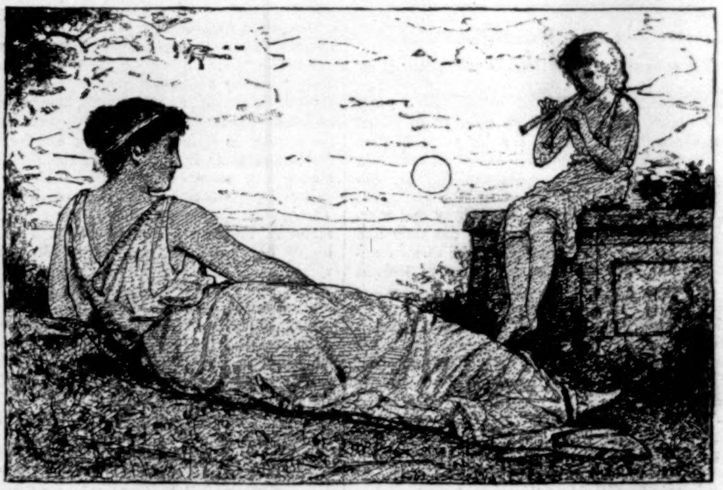
"GOOD-NIGHT!"—T. W. Wood, N.A.



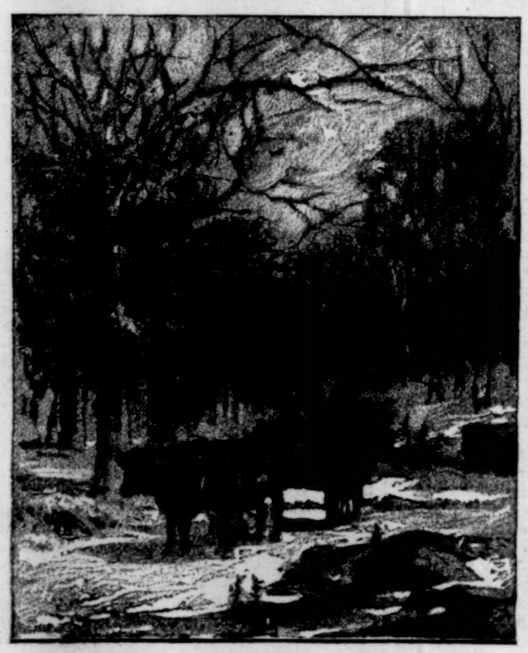
THE KNITTING LESSON.—William Morgan, A.N.A.



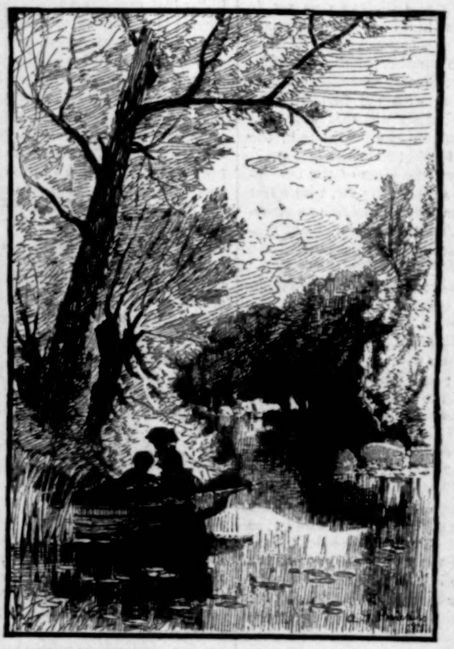
THE WEDDING DRESS.—C. D. Weldon.



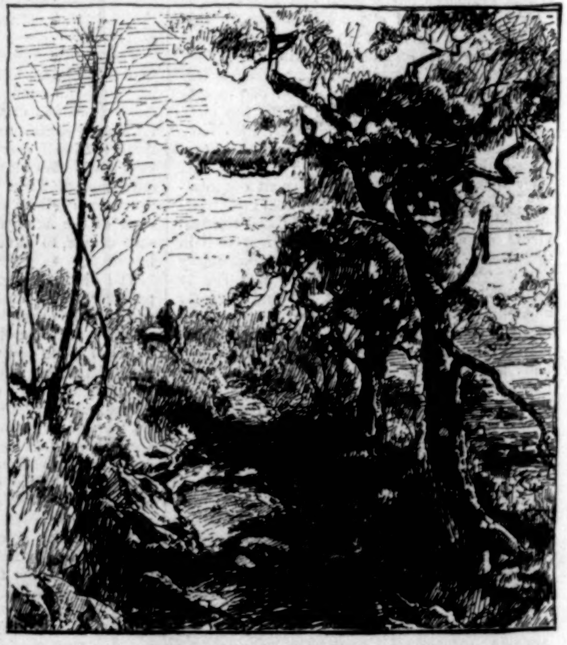
THE SUMMER MOON.—Henry A. Loop, N.A.



BOUGHS FOR CHRISTMAS.—James Hart, N.A.

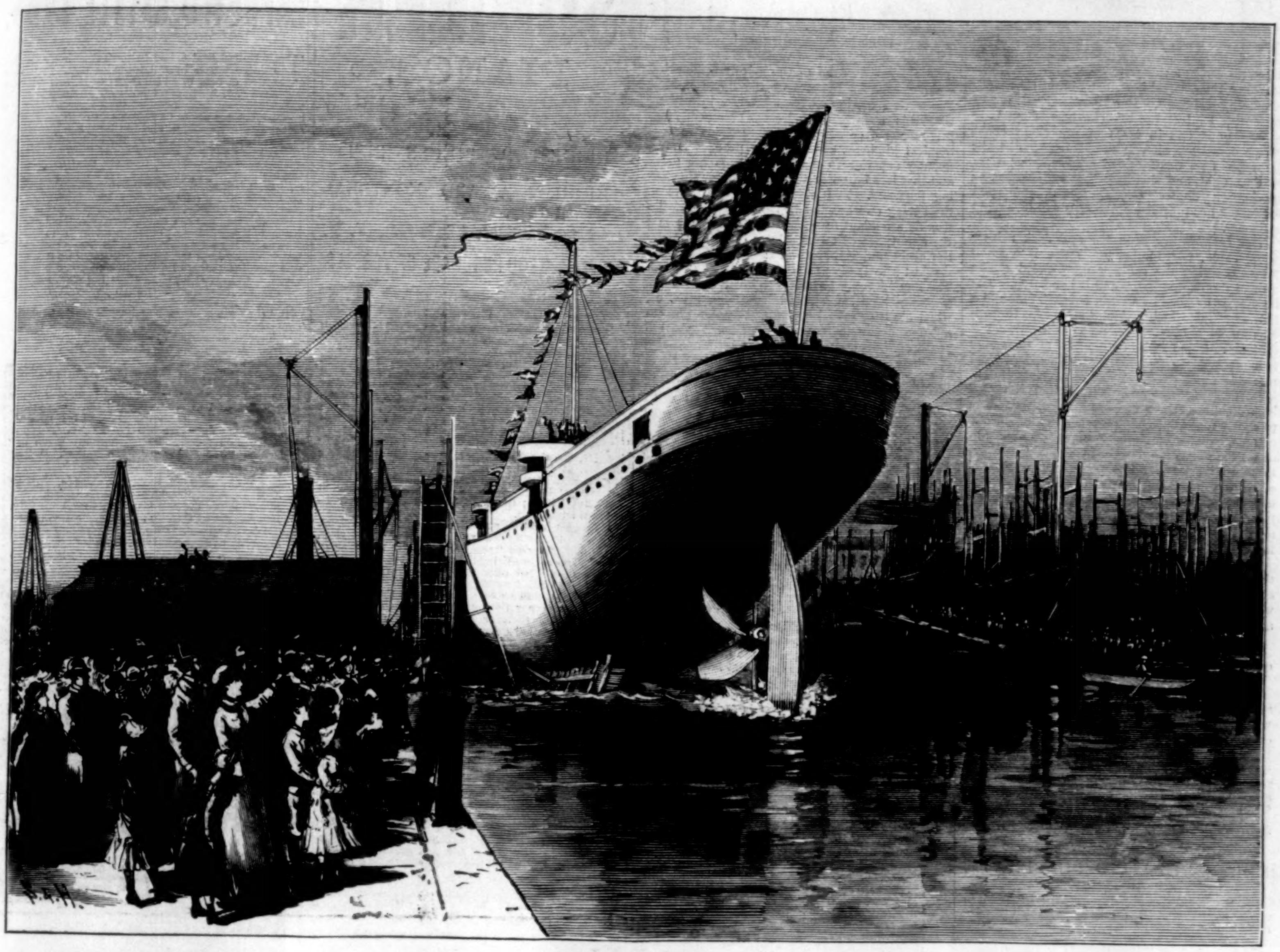


ON THE MILL STREAM.—A. T. Bricher, A.N.A.

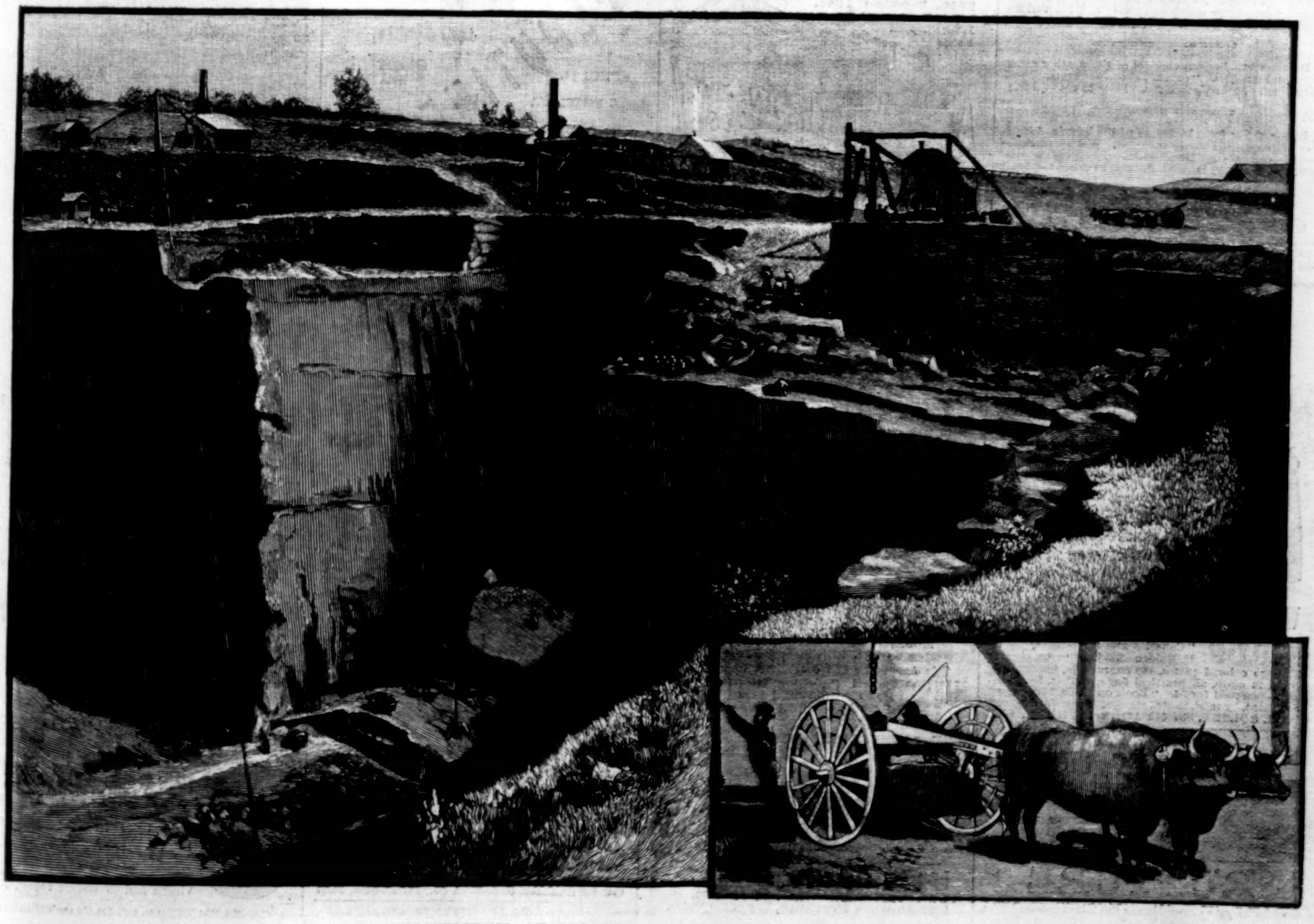


A MORNING RIDE.—Arthur Parton, A.N.A.

THE NEW YORK NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.—Selections from Illustrations in C. M. Kurtz's "Academy Notes for 1884."—[See Page 271.]



THE LAUNCH OF THE UNITED STATES DISPATCH-BOAT "DOLPHIN."—Drawn by Schell and Hogan.—[See Page 274.]



A BROWN-STONE QUARRY.—Drawn by Culmer Barnes.—[See Page 271.]

THE DISPATCH-BOAT "DOLPHIN."

THIS fine vessel, the *avant-coureur* of our reconstructed navy, was successfully launched at Chester, Pennsylvania, on the 12th inst. She is 240 feet long at the water-line, with a slightly receding, ram-shaped bow, and a beautifully modelled elliptical stern. Her length over all is 256 feet, with 32 feet beam. The bow is specially strengthened, and in cases of emergency could give a dangerous blow to an adversary. She will be rigged as a three-masted schooner, the spars will be light, and there will be no bowsprit or head-gear. As the *Dolphin* will depend upon steam for her propulsion, the sails will be simply auxiliary.

The *Dolphin* has upon her spar-deck neither poop, cabin, nor forecastle. There is a small house covering the cabin gangway, and others around the engine hatch and boiler hatch. The later is surrounded by an iron bulwark four and a half feet high, which is double amidships to form a hammock netting. This part of the bulwark is bullet-proof, and at its extremities on each side is a tower seven feet high, constructed of steel plates one inch thick. These will contain Hotchkiss revolving cannon of 47 millimeters, of 1.9 inches calibre, which fire, per minute, from sixty to eighty rounds of shot weighing two and a half pounds, capable of piercing an unarmored ship at a range of 2000 yards. In addition to these there will be two short Gatling bullet guns mounted on the rail. The *Dolphin* will carry one six-inch breech-loading rifled gun with a shifting pivot, so that it can be used in a port on either side, situated just forward of the Hotchkiss gun tower.

This vessel will be used as a dispatch-boat for the purpose of rapid communication with different ports, or as the flag-ship of a squadron. She would also be well suited for service as a blockader, or against the commerce of a hostile power.

THE KING OF FLOOR-CLOTHS.

THE new and artistic designs brought out this season in the patent "LINOLEUM" floor-cloths will, no doubt, give this popular article an increased sale. It is the only floor covering combining in the highest degree the qualities essential to comfort, elegance, and economy. Inferior foreign imitations, by various names, are on the market, but the superiority of the American make is beyond controversy. The genuine cloth has the Walton Trade-Mark and word "LINOLEUM" on the back of every square yard. All carpet dealers keep it.—[*Adv.*]

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE,

A RELIABLE ARTICLE.

DR. E. CUTTER, Boston, Mass., says: "I found it to realize the expectations raised, and regard it as a reliable article."—[*Adv.*]

BURNETT'S COCOAINE

Promotes the Growth of the Hair, and renders it dark and glossy. It holds, in a liquid form, a large proportion of deodorized COCOANUT OIL, prepared expressly for this purpose. *No other compound* possesses the peculiar properties which so exactly suit the various conditions of the human hair.—[*Adv.*]

BRONCHITIS.—Sudden changes of the weather cause bronchial troubles. "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" will give relief. *Sold only in boxes.* Price 25 cts.—[*Adv.*]

IF you suffer from looseness of the bowels, ANGOSTURA BITTERS will surely cure you. Beware of counterfeits, and ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, prepared by Dr. J. G. B. SIEGERT & SONS.—[*Adv.*]

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MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

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Warranted ***absolutely pure Cocoa***, from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has *three times the strength* of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

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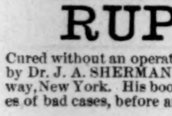
BIRDS. "Canaries and Cage-Birds," by G. H. Holden—375 large pages, elegant full-page colored plates, 150 engravings, handsomely bound in cloth, all practical facts, mating, food, diseases—postpaid for $2. "Book on Birds," 128 pages, illustrated, by mail, 25 cts., stamps. Free Catalogue.
G. A. HOLDEN, 387 6th Ave., near 24th St., N. Y.



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Overcome all trouble with
STIFF CUFFS.
The most convenient, strong, reliable button made.
Ask your Jeweller for them.

RUPTURE

Cured without an operation or the injury trusses inflict by Dr. J. A. SHERMAN'S method. Office, 251 Broadway, New York. His book, with Photographic likenesses of bad cases, before and after cure, mailed for 10c.

CAKES WITHOUT EGGS.

In a little book just issued from the press of Messrs. Scribner & Welford, New York, a large number of practical, though novel, receipts are given for making cakes of various kinds, from the informal griddle-cake to the stately bride-cake, without eggs, by the use of the Royal Baking Powder. Experienced housekeepers inform us that this custom has already obtained large precedence over old-fashioned methods in economical kitchens, and that the product is frequently superior to that where eggs are used, and that less butter is also required for shortening purposes. The advantage is not alone in the saving effected, but in the avoidance of the trouble attendant upon securing fresh eggs and the annoyance of an occasional cake spoiled by the accidental introduction of an egg that has reached a little too nearly the incubatory period. The Royal Baking Powder also invariably insures perfectly light, sweet, and handsome cake, or, when used for griddle-cakes to be eaten hot, enables their production in the shortest possible space of time, and makes them most tender and delicious, as well as entirely wholesome. There is no other preparation like it.

PECK & SNYDER'S
Celebrated Tennis
BALLS and BATS.

Our new Franklin Bat cannot be surpassed. Price $5.50. We are sole makers of the Regulation Ball adopted by the U. S. N. L. T. Association, April 5th, 1884. We send our New Catalogue, 228 pages, 2000 Illustrations of Games, Tricks, Gymnasium Goods, Base Ball, Tennis, Skates, New Novelties, and Holiday Presents, &c., by mail for 15 cents.
PECK & SNYDER, 126, 128, 130 Nassau St., N. Y.

A Great Conflagration

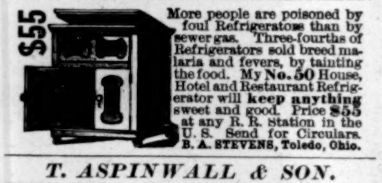
That sweeps away a whole city, starts from a flame so small that a glass of water would extinguish it. In like manner, the most painful and fatal maladies of the throat and lungs ordinarily develop from small beginnings, not difficult of cure if promptly treated with the proper remedy. But their progress is insidious and delay may be fatal. **Colds** and **coughs** lead to **Laryngitis, Asthma, Bronchitis, Pneumonia,** and **Consumption.** The only medicine certain to cure every bronchial and pulmonary affection not absolutely incurable is

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

During 40 years it has steadily grown in popular estimation, and is now a household reliance in many thousands of families. Parents, whose lives were preserved by AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL when they were young, are now saving the lives of their children with it. Leading physicians extol its virtues and prescribe it in their practice. Intelligent druggists everywhere report noteworthy cures effected by it, within their personal knowledge.

PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all druggists.

1840. Physicians **1884.**
Highly Recommend
It for Chapped
Hands



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OUR TRADE MARK.
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GLASTONBURY, CONN.
6 CAKES 1 LB.
HEALING.

The Toilet and Nursery. All Druggists Keep It.
Trial Sample for **2c.** Stamp.

Universally prescribed by the Faculty.

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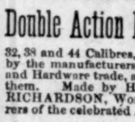
A laxative and refreshing Fruit Lozenge for **Constipation.** loss of appetite, bile, headache, hemorrhoids, cerebral congestion, &c.
Prepared by E. GRILLON, Sole Proprietor, 27, rue Rambuteau, Paris.
Sold by all Druggists.
TAMAR, unlike pills and the usual purgatives, is agreeable to take, and never produces irritation nor interferes with business or pleasure.



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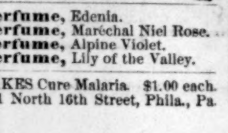

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Double Action Revolver,
32, 38 and 44 Calibres, not sold at retail by the manufacturers, but by the Gun and Hardware trade, ask your dealer for them. Made by HARRINGTON & RICHARDSON, Worcester, Mass., also manufacturers of the celebrated Automatic Hammerless Guns.

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Lundborg's Perfume, Maréchal Niel Rose.
Lundborg's Perfume, Alpine Violet.
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RUPP'S CHILL CAKES Cure Malaria. $1.00 each. H. W. RUPP, 551 North 16th Street, Phila., Pa.

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ARE PREFERRED BY LEADING ARTISTS.
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149 to 155 E. 14th St., N. Y.

PROPOSALS FOR PURCHASE OF VESSELS.

NAVY DEPARTMENT,
WASHINGTON, *March* 1, 1884.

In accordance with the provisions of the 5th section of the act of Congress making appropriations to supply deficiencies approved March 3, 1883, sealed proposals will be received at the Navy Department until noon on Saturday, May 3, 1884, at which time and place they will be opened, for the purchase of certain vessels which have been stricken from the Navy Register, under authority of an act of Congress approved August 5, 1882, and which it is deemed for the best interests of the United States to sell.

The vessels offered, their appraised value and their locality, are the Niagara, at Boston, Mass., $24,200; Florida, at New London, Conn., $52,700; Colorado $34,700, and Ticonderoga $24,900, at New York; Supply $800, at League Island, Penn.; Pawnee $5,200, at Port Royal, S. C.; Benicia $14,000, and Cyane $12,000, at Mare Island, Cal.

Proposals must be submitted in a sealed envelope, addressed to the Secretary of the Navy, Washington, D. C., and endorsed "proposals for the purchase of vessels," so as to distinguish them from other communications. No offer for more than one vessel should be included within one proposal.

The vessels will be sold, for cash, to the person or persons, or corporation or corporations, offering the highest prices therefor above the appraised value thereof. Each bid or proposal must be accompanied by a deposit in cash (or satisfactory certified check) of not less than ten per cent. of the amount of the offer or proposal, and also a bond with a penal sum equal to the whole amount of the offer, with two or more sureties, to be approved by the Secretary of the Navy, conditioned for the payment of the remaining ninety per cent. of the amount of such offer or proposal within thirty days from the date of its acceptance. In case default is made in the payment of the remaining ninety per cent., or any part thereof, within that time, said cash deposit of ten per cent. shall be considered as forfeited to the Government, and shall be applied as directed in the act of March 3, 1883. All deposits and bonds of bidders, whose proposals shall not be accepted, will be returned to them within seven days after the opening of the proposals.

On application to the Department, a printed list will be furnished, giving general information concerning the vessels; also forms of bids and bonds which must be used by bidders. The vessels can be examined at any time by applying to the Commandants of the Navy Yards.

The purchasers must remove the vessels purchased from the limits of the Yard within such reasonable time as may be fixed by the Department.

WILLIAM E. CHANDLER,
Secretary of the Navy.

TOILET POWDER.
VELOUTINE FAY
invisible,
impalpable,
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SPECIAL
RICE POWDER
PREPARED
WITH BISMUTH
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POWDER.
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Preparations
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the Teeth and the Mouth
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SPECIAL OFFER. As an inducement for you to send at once, we will place a Gold Dollar in the packages of the first one hundred who answer our advertisements. Address
M. J. STODDART & CO., 126 Chambers St., N. Y.

A PRIZE. Send six cents for postage, and receive free, a costly box of goods which will help all, of either sex, to more money right away than anything else in this world. Fortunes await the workers absolutely sure. At once address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

WANTED and FOR SALE. **MAGIC LANTERNS**
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For 50c. (in stamps) 200 Elegant Scrap Pictures. No two alike. F. WHITING, 50 Nassau St., N. Y.

AN APPEAL FOR IMPROVED CATTLE CARS.

THE United States law to protect animals during transportation by rail provides that, when they are carried in cars in which they can be fed, watered, and have rest, its requirement that animals shall be unloaded every 28 hours, and then have a rest of 5 hours, shall not apply to animals in such cars. The law prevents starvation and too long confinement in cars SO FAR AS IT IS OBEYED by the Railroad Co.'s, and its existence and enforcement are of the first necessity while the common stock cars are used, but the reloading at the stopping-places is attended with much cruelty, it being naturally hard to get the poor creatures back into cars, where they have already so suffered, without blows, or worse.

To meet this want of an improved car, the American Humane Association offered a prize of five thousand dollars ($5000) for such a car in 1880, to stimulate the inventive ability of the country. One of its conditions was that the patents on the approved car should be given to the Association, that the car might be offered to the railroad companies by it free from charges of royalty.

But the owners of the best inventions decided not to compete for the prize, thinking that their cars would prove more valuable to them than the five thousand dollars. Accordingly, the prize could not be awarded. The offer, however, caused the construction of *cars* WHICH MEET THE REQUIREMENTS OF THE LAW, and the trustees of the fund take this way of making known the fact to Officers, Directors, and Stockholders of Railroad Companies, and to all Humane People whose hearts have been touched by the atrocities of this traffic.

Gold medals have been given to the persons and companies named below. The names are given in the order that the several cars were examined.

A. C. MATHER, Chicago, Illinois.
W. STUART HUNTER, Belleville, Canada.
J. M. LINCOLN, Providence, Rhode Island.
MONTGOMERY PALACE CAR CO., New York City.
BURTON STOCK CAR CO., Boston, Massachusetts.
THOMAS CLARKE, Truro, Nova Scotia.
JOHN W. STREET, Chicago, Illinois

So long as the common car is used, the words of Senator McPherson of New Jersey will continue true: "I declare the live-stock traffic to be one long and uninterrupted line of suffering from the West to the East." The sanitary objections are also of the gravest character.

The great success of refrigerator cars is lessening the number of animals transported alive; but there must always remain such a traffic in them as to make the improved car a permanent necessity.

To avoid all misrepresentations on the subject, we add that neither the Association or any of its officers have a pecuniary interest in any of the cars above named.

EDWIN LEE BROWN,
Chicago, Ill.,
MRS. EMILY W. APPLETON,
ABRAHAM FIRTH,
Boston, Mass.,
} Trustees of Car Prize Fund of American Humane Association.

April 9, 1884.

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PAINTS
THE BEST HOUSE PAINTS MADE. GUARANTEED FREE FROM WATER, ALKALI OR BENZINE. MADE ONLY WITH PURE LINSEED OIL, TURPENTINE AND DRYER. SAMPLE COLOR LIST OF 48 DESIRABLE SHADES SENT ON APPLICATION.
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Dye, Clean, and *Refinish* Dress Goods and Garments. *Ladies' Dresses, Cloaks, Robes, &c.*, of *all fabrics*, and of the most elaborate styles, cleaned or dyed successfully *without ripping.*

Gentlemen's Garments *cleaned or dyed whole.*

Curtains, Window-Shades, Table-Covers, Carpets, &c., cleaned or dyed. Employing the best attainable skill and most improved appliances, and having systematized anew every department of our business, we can confidently promise the best results, and unusually prompt return of goods. Correspondence invited.

Goods received and returned by express and by mail.
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We would call the attention of those who have not the files of *Harper's Weekly* during the War to

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C. WEIS { Manufacturer of Meerschaum Goods, Wholesale and Retail. Send for Circular to 399 Broadway. Factories, Vienna and 69 Walker Street, N. Y.

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The leading hair modiste in this country, Mrs. C. Thompson, New York, expects to produce several novelties in hair work this season. —*Peterson's Magazine.*

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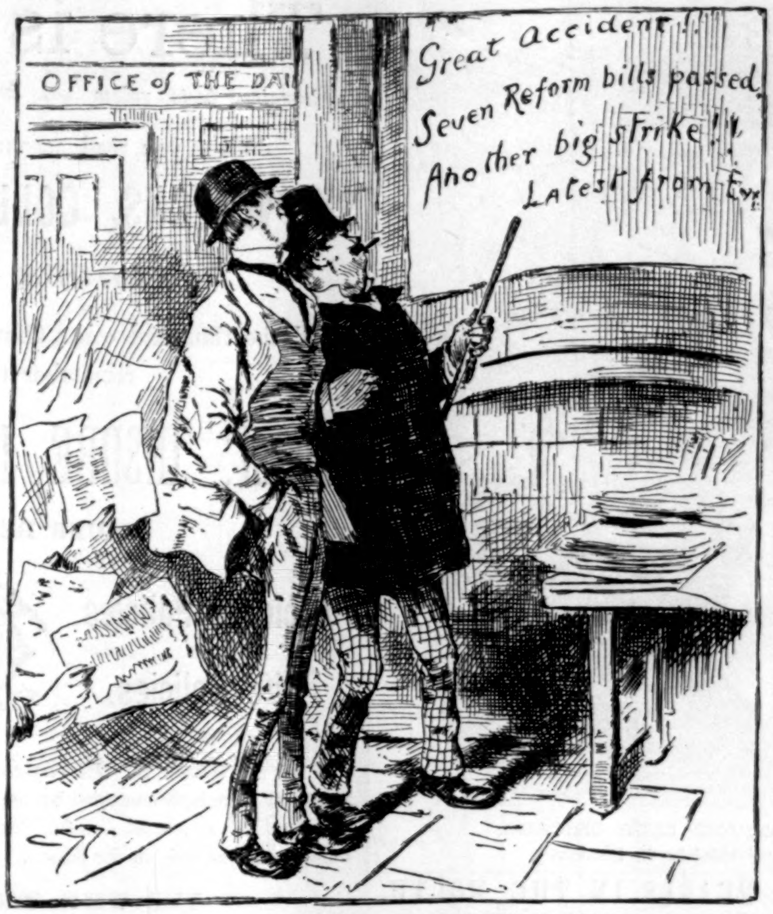

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Another big strike!!!
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The lease of this famous property is now to be sold, together with the valuable furniture and effects, for £2500.

The effects comprise old English wardrobes, valuable pieces of Dutch and Italian marqueterie, Oriental and Sèvres china, etc.

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The history of the property since 1616 is given in HARPER'S WEEKLY for May 13, 1882 (see "The History of an Acre"), and the interior in "A Terrible Temptation."

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